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THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH:

See Vol. 15. p. 75 Prop.

INCLUDING

HAPPY DEATH SCENES,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

DRAWN FROM FACTS.

BY J. G. ADAMS.

'O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?—Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.' ST. PAUL.

BOSTON:
A. TOMPKINS, 38 CORNHILL.
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PREFACE.

THE object of this work is, first, to give those who are yet inclined to use in earnest that oft repeated expression, 'Universalism may do to live by, but will not sustain the soul in death,' an opportunity of learning the error of this statement; and secondly, to exhibit in undeniable facts, the power and influence of the gospel of impartial grace in the hour of dissolution; that those who know it not, may embrace and enjoy it; and that all professors of the same to whom these statements shall come, may realize the magnitude of that great doctrine of life and immortality which has been opened to their view; and strive not only to cherish its holy principles within their own hearts, but to diffuse these principles abroad among their fellow men

The facts presented are only a few from the great mass in our possession. Our periodicals, week after week, bring tidings of death scenes, where the power of gospel truth is made manifest. A small, compact book, being more convenient for preservation and reference, than the larger sheets of a weekly journal, the author offers to the Christian public this humble production, which he prays may go forth, and by the divine blessing, prove to many souls, 'profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

J. G. A.

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The Christian's Triumph:

INCLUDING HAPPY DEATH SCENES.

Chapter I.

DEATH.

'Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh Death!
Mrs. Hemans.

However men differ, whether in appearance, manners, circumstances, opinions or feelings, they have one idea in common; it is, that they must die. The shivering inhabitant of the north in the midst of his long winter, knows that the longer winter of death will come upon him. The dweller in the tropical clime in the blaze of the noon-day sun, feels sensible that in the course of events this sun will shine no more on him forever. The mariner on the ocean, the landsman on shore, the ruler and the ruled, the renowned and the obscure, the learned and the unlearned, the old and the young, in all stations, ages, and places, know from what they behold around them, that man is mortal—that 'he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; the wind passeth over it and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.'

We live---in the full and free enjoyment of the present existence, surrounded with others who in common with us inherit mortal being. We feel that some superior power upholds---some supreme goodness provides for us. Yet we know that all we here enjoy is limited ; that while we are in possession of the dearest earthly pleasures, death may come and end them ; that in the midst of life we are in death ; that the same great Power which gave and still grants us the present existence, will at some future period of time bring it to a close.

As we naturally view death, it occasions sad and melancholy thoughts. It has been termed the king of terrors. It comes and takes from us the dear and the good ; the parent, brother, sister, companion, offspring, friend, associate, neighbor, citizen,---and strong as the ties may be which bind us to them, they are snapped asunder. We turn, as the signal of the destroyer is heard—we look—and another, and another departs,—and the places that knew them shall know them no more forever. We mourn—we muse in sadness—'we call—but they answer not again.' In every such departure, we hear repeated the great lesson that the dead will not return to us—that we must go to them.

It has been thus from the commencement of time to the present hour. Adam died. His offspring are also mortal. 'The fathers, where are they ? And the prophets, do they live forever ?' Individuals, communities and nations have followed each other in the way of death. When Xerxes at the head of his army, wept to think how soon all that mighty host would be with the dead, he gave utterance to a sentiment which in every grade and department of life, often breaks forth from the human soul.

The greatest, wisest, and best of the earth have thought and expressed much on the subject of death. They have seen its ravages, have realized its nearness to them, and have meditated and spoken in relation to their own dissolution either in fear and

despair, in darkness and doubt, or in hope and joy.[1] In what light are we to view it?

Death is considered an enemy. It comes upon us with relentless hand and unpitying eye; breaking up our peace, scattering our hopes, deranging all our plans for the present or the future, and making shipwreck of all the deep affections of the heart. Its aspect is repulsive. Solomon had this view of it. 'No man hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit; neither hath he power in the day of death; and there is no discharge in that war.' Paul had this view of it when he called death an enemy; and it is frequently spoken of in this manner by writers in the Scriptures. And yet this is but one view of death. It is the first view; an expression of the most general and prevalent idea. As death invades our present peace and happiness, we think and speak of it with the impression of regret and sorrow;

> '——When thoughts of the last bitter hand
> Come like a blight over our spirits,
> And the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
> And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
> Make us to shudder, and grow sick at heart.'

Let us, however, take another view of it.

Notwithstanding the ideas of the sacred writers already alluded to, there are other representations

1 'The ancients contemplated death without terror, and met it with indifference. It was the only divinity to which they never sacrificed, convinced that no human being could turn aside its stroke. They raised altars to fever, to misfortune, to all the evils of life; for these might change! But though they did not court the presence of death in any shape, they acknowledged its tranquillity; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, death was the daughter of night, and the sister of sleep; and ever the friend of the unhappy! To the eternal sleep of death they dedicated their sepulchral monuments. *Æternali Somno!* If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses, and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigrations of the soul. A butterfly on the extremity of an extinguished lamp held up by the messengers of the gods intensely gazing above, implied a dedication of that soul; love, with a melancholy air, his legs crossed, leaning on an inverted torch, the flame thus naturally extinguishes itself, elegantly denoted the cessation of human life; a rose sculptured on a

of death in the Scriptures more agreeable and cheering. It is called 'the house appointed for all living'—the place 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.' In the Old Testament it is set forth under the similitude of *sleep*. When an individual died, it is written of him that he slept with his fathers. In the New Testament, similar terms are employed. The dead are said to sleep, or to be asleep. There is nothing repulsive, surely, in this idea of death. There is nothing unpleasant connected with that repose which we enjoy in sleep. We desire it; and when the hour comes that calls us from the busy, anxious rounds of life to rest on the bed of refreshment and ease, we greet it with pleasure. True wisdom will lead us to take a similar view of death; to look upon it as repose after a season of excessive labor.

'Life is a torrid day,
Parched by the wind and sun;
And death the calm, cool night,
When the weary day is done.'

We have another very striking and pleasing similitude of death. It is that of *home*. 'Man goeth to his long home.' A more interesting comparison could not have been made. Home is the fondest of all names to the earthly pilgrim. Here he is safe, when clouds and tempests are abroad; here he rejoices and smiles when the world sighs or frowns; here he comes when all other sources of peace and comfort have failed him, and in the bosom of home finds relief and delight. If home hath nothing repulsive or abhorrent in it, the grave may not be feared. Death admits us to our home. We can draw no other than a pleasing inference from this truth.

But there is another view of death which demands attention. Among all we realize of instinctive feel-

sarcophagus, or the emblems of epicurean life traced on it, in a scull wreathed by a chaplet of flowers, such as they wore at their convivial meetings, a flask of wine, a patera, and the small bones used as dice; all these symbols were indirect allusions to death, veiling its painful recollections.'—*Curiosities of Literature.*

ing; all we hear in the suggestions, and comparisons, and naked facts of the wisdom of man, inspired or uninspired; there is one truth speaking to us from on high—one consideration deserving our frequent meditation and study. By taking heed thereto we shall the better understand our own nature and our affinity to that wise and gracious Creator, who 'hath made of one blood all nations of men that dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation.' *We are not constituted to live here forever.* Our Maker did not intend that we should; else had he given us an immortal body. Here we know that 'this earthly house of our tabernacle' is subject to decay; that according to its very constitution, its energies must, within a certain period of time, be impaired, and ultimately cease. Why this? Did not the same Being who gave to all his other creatures 'life, and breath, and all things,' constitute man as he pleased? And is his pleasure opposed to his wisdom and goodness? If every other order of creation was pronounced very good, must man be excepted? If he is made to die, is not death to him a wise and gracious ordination of his heavenly Father? The simple in understanding can answer these questions.

Since then the truth is plainly before us, that Providence has not intended man to exist on the earth only for a limited time; and as it is equally clear that this ordination is just and good, we should consider the subject of death in a rational and philosophical light. Were we to wish that our earthly existence might be prolonged to the age of two or three centuries, before half that time had expired, we should be weary of life, and desire to lie down and die. And even now, much as we love life, and fondly as we cling to it, miserable indeed should we be with the full assurance that we were to exist on the earth for thousands of years, subject to all the changes, trials, and sorrows that usually beset man-

kind. Such a supposition would lead us to start back in sadness and dismay, and ask of God permission to rest in peace as our fathers before us have rested We would rather choose death, than life on earth upon such conditions.

From what we have already considered, the conclusion seems just that we regard death as an incident in our being; as one of the ordinary events which comes in accordance with the Divine will, and from which we ought not to desire exemption. Many there are whose visions seem not to have extended so far as this; who never think of the tyrant king but with disquietude and gloom; and to whom the advice to reflect much on death, would sound more like the cant of religious fanaticism than the sober dictate of philosophy. Such ones are in the dark. We do not believe that a continual brooding over death is either profitable or desirable. Yet we ought to make the subject one of much meditation. Die we must, sooner or later; and surely it can never be thought improper by the truly enlightened mind, for us to bring ourselves up as near to the subject as possible; so that we may be the better enabled to understand it, and the less alarmed when called upon to test its reality. For myself, I can see no propriety in that disposition too often witnessed, to make a stranger of death; to know and understand nothing of it, only its darkness. The conduct of Hume when death approached him was any thing but honorable or creditable to a man. His amusements to divert attention from it were evidences of his weakness. In attempting the philosopher, he acted the fool.

If we have before us an earthly journey to perform, we do not consider it improper to make ourselves well acquainted with its object and end; to make all the necessary preparations therefor, and to speak and act concerning it as though we really understood the subject. It cannot be deemed less reasonable for us to consider in our minds, the journey

to that 'undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,' and to determine according to the means given us, the nature and object of death.

There is much of sound reason as well as true philosophy in the language of Job—'I would not live alway.' He had made himself acquainted with man, and from the accounts given in the sacred word, we are led to regard him as familiar with the dealings of the Most High with his children. He expressed the true feelings of his heart when as he saw life and death in their relative lights, each designed by Jehovah for good, and the one following the other in continued and regular succession, he declares, 'I would not live alway.' We adopt and express this sentiment; because it is true to human nature. The trials of life, its sicknesses and pains, the departure of friends, and the infirmities of age, all join in confirming our belief that God has wisely ordained that 'here we have no continuing city;' and that for his rational offspring on earth he has

——— 'beautifully mingled life and death.'

Chapter II.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

'When shall I die? when shall I live forever?'
Young.

The subject of death leads to the inquiry, is there a future life for man? Strive as we may, this inquiry cannot be suppressed. It rises instinctively in the mind, and leads us to seek some solution of the subject. The ancient query 'If a man die shall he live again?' still stands in full force; and mankind are as much interested in the true answer now, as in any preceding age.

Strongly as we desire a future life, it cannot be denied that there is much of doubt and darkness in relation to this subject, even among those who are numbered in the world as the truly enlightened and wise. This doubt exists, not so much because men have had no evidence of a future existence, such as is presented in the establishing of other doctrines, as that the doctrine in itself seems improbable. They perceive that man dies, turns to dust, and is known no more on earth forever. This is all they know of him. Faith must give assurance of the rest; and this faith is too often quenched in the unanswered queries of the doubter, That we may meet this spirit of doubt and unbelief, a few thoughts are here suggested which the Christian reader may carry onward in his own mind.

Why is the future life considered improbable? Surely, the same cause which gave to man the present existence, is capable of bringing him into the enjoyment of another, yet future. Whether we

speak of chance, or the laws of nature, or creation by the Jehovah of Israel, and the God of the Christians; if creative, sustaining power is implied, the argument is clear. If chance created me once, it may again. If the laws of nature in time past brought me into being from blind, unorganized matter, it may work by the same power in the future, and give me a more elevated and glorious existence.

Admitting the existence of an all-wise and good Creator, this idea of improbability vanishes at once. What wonders have been accomplished by creative power. 'In the beginning' it made 'the heavens and the earth.' Suns, stars, and systems; myriads on myriads were called forth from chaos, and are now upheld by the same exhaustless energy. What wisdom and goodness are every where discerned throughout the universe, so far as the mind of man has extended! Order, propriety, harmony, all are seen, in the heavens above, in the earth beneath. Who then shall decide that the same power which spake a material universe into being, and which continually upholds it through all changes and revolutions, shall fail when applied to the raising of man from this life to another? He who once raised us up into being, shall he not advance us into a future existence? Yes; as easily as he can change the worm that creeps in dust to the winged butterfly that sports in airy freedom through the summer day. Well did the apostle ask of the doubters to whom he spake, 'Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?'

Furthermore. It is reasonable to inquire if the doctrine of man's future existence does not agree with the character of God as manifested in the natural world. There is nothing absurd nor improper in the idea that a wise and good parent should take care of his children. If I believe in that God manifested in nature and revealed in the Scriptures, I must believe that man will live hereafter. It is

morally impossible for me to arrive at any other conclusion. The beautiful saying of David in relation to Jehovah's care is undeniably proved; 'Thou openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.' Consider for one moment the providential goodness of God. Naturalists inform us that more than sixty thousand species of animals inhabit the air and waters, besides a thousand species which have not yet come within special observation : that on the surface of the earth, not a patch of ground—not a portion of water—not a shrub, tree, herb, or scarcely a leaf is to be found that does not teem with animated beings. Hundreds of millions have their dwellings in mountains, valleys, caves, clefts of rocks, barks of trees, ditches, marshes and forests. Innumerable shoals of fishes inhabit the oceans, the seas, lakes and rivers. Millions on millions of birds in endless variety wing their flight through the atmosphere above and around us. Multitudes of animated beings which no man can number, invisible to the unassisted eye, are dispersed through every region of the earth, air and seas. How immense then, the number of all, visible and invisible ! It surpasses conception. Now it is a truth that no one of all the grades of creatures can subsist without nourishment. Every species, too, requires a different kind of food. Yet such is the unfailing munificence of the great Creator, that all the myriads of sentient beings are amply provided for and nourished by his bounty. Throughout the creation this same providential order is seen. No natural appetite, no natural desire has been instituted, which is not met and satisfied by the same wisdom which called it into action.

Apply this truth to man. Is he satisfied with this existence alone ? Are all his wants met and supplied here ? Has he no desire of good beyond the grave ? The reply is ready.

> 'The soul uneasy and confined from home,
> Rests and expatiates in a life to come.'

We know there are those who pretend to consider this mere declamation; who say in substance, that it is needless to look into the future; to ask what we shall or shall not be after death; it is enough for us to consider the present. Such was the reasoning of ancient heathen philosophy; 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;' which carried out may thus practically teach; Let us think only of the present; never providing for future wants—never seeking the prospective comfort or happiness of ourselves or of those connected with us—never retaining any of our earthly gain for time which is to come—never doing any thing that is not connected with the present! Life has nothing in prospect, and there is no hereafter! Is this dealing unjustly with the old heathen saying? Nay; when we consider how unjustly that sentiment deals with humanity. The truth is, we are not satisfied to lie down and die, never asking the question about futurity. What awaits us when 'we shuffle off this mortal coil?' Where are we going? Into non-existence, or misery, or happiness? Show us the person who is utterly indifferent on this inquiry—who feels no emotions, and who desires to have no special feeling on the subject, and you show us but little else of a man than the form.

History assures us that in great minds where the light of revelation had never dawned, this longing for and expectation of a future existence is observed. Amidst all other opinions, this would find utterance. True to the 'divinity within,' men have spoken as though they were not to pass down in death to the shades of endless night, but as if the Being who gave them existence, had also spoken to them of his intention to make it eternal.[1]

1 Plato's master is represented as delighting to contemplate the destinies of the spirit hereafter:

'Is the soul like what is divine, or like what is mortal? What is divine is born to govern, but the mortal substance to obey. Which of these does the soul resemble? 'O Socrates,

Whence this desire in man to live hereafter? The answer is, from God. He gave it; and he will satisfy it. The same Providence that so bountifully supplies all the wants of his other creatures, will not deny to his moral offspring the satisfaction of this 'longing after immortality.' The cheerless doctrine of the unbeliever that 'death is an eternal sleep,' is a foul impeachment of the Creator's goodness. Annihilation cannot be true.

'Tis immortality that gives to man
The sacred grandeur of his earthly hours;
'Tis happy immortality that can
Wake into fadeless glory all his powers.
There sin and sorrow never more shall bind
The mighty movings of a deathless mind.'

If, in view of the general providence as exhibited in nature, we cannot agree to the dark docrine of annihilation, what shall we say to that other idea which in all that is terrific and revolting, infinitely surpasses it—I mean ENDLESS WOE? This is a doctrine not only opposed to all that is holy and good in the character of Jehovah, but in direct contradiction

'O Socrates, it is clear that the soul must be divine, and the body the mortal element.

'Yes, Kebes! the soul is most like the divine, the immortal, the intelligent; the one in form, and the incorruptible; and when it goes from hence, it passes to another place, like itself, excellent and pure, though now unseen; to Hades, and, truly, to a good and wise God.' He repeats this idea,—

'Will it not then go to something like itself; to the Divine? To that which is divine, immortal, and wise? Certainly; and coming to it there, it will exist in happiness, free from error, ignorance, fears, and passions; yes, it will indeed pass the rest of its time with the gods themselves.'

When Socrates took the poisoned cup, he said; 'I draw confidence from the hope that something remains of man after death.'

Demosthenes, when advised to perform a dishonorable action to save his life, says; 'God forbid that after I have heard Xenocrates and Plato discourse so divinely on the immortality of the soul, I should prefer a life of infamy and disgrace, to an honorable death.'

Cicero has said,—'If I am wrong in believing that the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake; nor while I live will I ever choose that this opinion, with which I am so much delighted, should be wrested from me. But if at death, I am to be annihilated, as some minute philosophers suppose, I am not afraid lest those wise men, when extinct too, should laugh at my error.'

to the clearest dictates of reason in the human soul. It originated not in the wisdom of the Highest, but in the mysticism and cruelty of ancient heathenism. And Christians have received it into fellowship with their opinions as one 'set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was.' But nothing which we behold in the wide universe of God agrees with it. Never was it formed in the mind while holding communion with nature. No murmuring breeze ever brought the sound; no songster of the grove ever gave it utterance. And had the dark tempest and the rumbling thunder ever given intimations of it, they would all have been dispelled when the glory of the sun had broken forth again. No shining star ever brought the sentiment to light; nor was it imbibed while contemplating the grandeur of the firmament. Nor does revelation give it credence; for her tuneful strings are all in unison with nature. In believing it, men have contradicted the great instructions every day received from Him who 'maketh his sun to shine on the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and the unjust;' and whose 'tender mercies are over all his works.' Well might the distinguished poet make the victim of ceaseless torment to ask of his Maker,—

> 'O why from silent earth,
> Didst thou awake and curse me into birth?
> Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
> And make a thankless present of thy light?
> Push into being a reverse of thee,
> And animate a clod with misery?'

But this doctrine is not true. The Creator and the created, heaven and earth, every manifestation of wisdom, justice, goodness and truth in the great universal kingdom—all, all stand opposed to it; and the nearer men approach to the high standard of justice and righteousness, the more will they be ashamed that their race ever so far dishonored the holy name of their Father, as to suppose him capable of permitting interminable woe within his dominions. Man then shall not sleep in death forever;

he shall not awake to unending misery. He shall live again, to his God. 'The dust shall return to the dust as it was, and the spirit to God who gave it.'

Hitherto we have taken our lessons of nature. We have reasoned from what we know of the works and dealings of our Father above ; and the result of our reasoning is in favor of a future happy existence for the enjoyment of universal man. Although nothing definite is proved from our consultations with nature, yet, all things considered, the weight of presumptive evidence is in agreement with this sentiment. And we hail it as one according with the best wishes, highest aspirations, and holiest prayers of the human soul. But what further evidence do we obtain that our conclusion is just ?

This brings us to Revelation. We are assured in the word of God, that Jesus Christ is the Resurrection and the Life. He by the grace of God tasted death for every man ; he died and rose again, that he might bring us to God. Much as we find in nature favorable to man's happy existence beyond the grave, nothing is presented us like the resurrection of our Lord from the dead. 'But now is Christ risen and become the first fruits of them that slept.' The event of the resurrection of Jesus, has been the theme of many a pen and tongue glowing with wisdom and eloquence. It is not for me to attempt a new version of a fact so well established in the world of reason and investigation ; yet a word in relation to it may not be out of place.

The truth of this great event rests on the best of evidence. No better can be offered in confirmation of any fact which took place at the same distance of time. Those who were specially appointed as witnesses of the resurrection were the apostles ; and however much they were despised for their doctrine, yet their veracity and moral integrity has borne the test of the strictest scrutiny. And with regard to their testimony concerning this event, they were uniformly agreed, persisting in it to the very last in face

of the whole force of opposition at work against them. At no time do we find them in doubt or hesitancy concerning it, neither could promises, or threatenings, or death—all of which they were called upon to meet, ever cause them to waver. From all the opposing reasoning brought against them, they were never led to suppose themselves deceived, or that they were practising deception with their fellow men. Notwithstanding their testimony implicated the whole Jewish nation in guilt, and all ranks were anxious to suppress it, this was found to be impossible; as the very opposers themselves were compelled to acknowledge the miracles wrought in its confirmation.

Immediately after the resurrection and ascension of Jesus, the apostles commenced preaching in his name, declaring that he had risen from the dead. In the face of civil and ecclesiastical power, religious prejudice, public opinion and indignation, they began to deliver their testimony at the great city of Jerusalem, the very place where these events took place. Reasoning with their enemies in the most candid and impartial manner, and placing themselves in a situation the most desirable for refutation, had their testimony been unsound, they appealed to the whole community around them, as witnesses with them of the same interesting facts. The only attempt at refutation which their enemies made was that always resorted to when argument is out of the question—persecution. But as this never convinces the understanding, it failed in this instance; until the final advice of Gamaliel the Jewish lawgiver was this; 'Refrain from these men, and let them alone; for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

Excellent advice. More than eighteen hundred years have passed away; and although during that period many errors and absurdities have been min-

gled with Christianity ; although unbelief has tasked its powers to prove the Son of God an impostor, and the resurrection a cunningly devised fable, all her efforts have been unavailing. Whilst error has travelled in the same old routine of objections, the truth has gained new strength as light and knowledge have advanced. The great doctrine of the resurrection of man from the dead through Jesus Christ has remained established, and has been embraced by Christians over all the earth ; and at the present time it presents itself to the human mind in all its attractive glory. May we be assisted of heaven rightly to understand it ; and thus learn not only that man shall live hereafter, but that through grace divine, he shall enter that state where his progress in spiritual life, joy, and felicity, shall be unending.

Chapter III.

GOSPEL HOPE.

'And who the sorrows would not bear
Of such a transient world as this,
When hope displays, beyond its care,
So bright an entrance into bliss!' *Peabody.*

'Hope,' says a popular definition, 'is the desire of good heightened by the expectation of enjoyment.' We may desire that which we have no reason to expect, and expect that which we do not desire. Gospel hope includes desire and expectation. Consequently there is nothing in it which is contrary to the most holy desires of the Christian's heart. It is also in perfect agreement with Christian faith as defined by the apostle. 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen.' The inference from this is plain, that what the apostle believed in relation to the human race hereafter, he really hoped to realize. Let us avail ourselves of testimony given by him and others in relation to that Christian hope which looks beyond death, and beholds life and immortality brought to light in the gospel.

In his address to the Pharisees and Sadducees in the Jewish council, the apostle uses the following language, as recorded in Acts xxiii; 'Men and brethren, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee; of the hope and resurrection of the dead I am called in question.' And again in the next chapter, in his defence to the governor before his accusers, he says, 'But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my

fathers; believing all things which are written in the law and the prophets; and have hope towards God, which they themselves also allow, that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust.' Speaking of mankind in regard to their final destiny, he thus writes in his epistle to the Romans. 'For the creature (creation) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope.' The substance of this hope is then declared. 'Because the creature (creation) itself shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God.' The same sentiment is expressed to his Philippian brethren when he says, 'For our conversation (citizenship) is in heaven; from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ; who shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself.'

These quotations from the Scriptures plainly declare that the hope entertained by the apostle, was that of the resurrection of mankind from the dead into a state of perfect and unending felicity. This is the great doctrine of life and immortality, termed 'the restitution of all things which God hath spoken by the mouth of all his holy prophets since the world began.' It is the great theme of the revelation of God to man; and is consonant with the promise and oath of Jehovah himself, that in Christ the seed of Abraham, all nations, families and kindreds of the earth shall be blessed. This is recognized in the words of the apostle to his Hebrew brethren; 'Wherein God, willing more abundantly to show unto the heirs of promise the immutability of his counsel, confirmed it by an oath, that by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation who have fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before us: which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both

sure and steadfast; and which entereth into that within the vail; whither the forerunner hath for us entered, even Jesus.'

The hope of the resurrection of mankind from the dead was the great theme of apostolic preaching. In support of this the early heralds of the cross continually labored; for this they suffered reproach and shame, bonds, imprisonment and death. The charge brought against them by the Sadducees (Acts iv.) was in consequence of this; 'being grieved that they taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead.' This was the reason why Paul was encountered by certain philosophers of the Stoics and Epicureans. 'And some said, What will this babbler say? Other some, He seemeth to be a setter forth of strange gods: because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection.'

We are again presented with the testimony of this eminent teacher of Christian truth in that luminous statement of the doctrine of the resurrection made by him in his first epistle to the Corinthians, 15th chapter. In language already quoted, we see the charge against him was that 'he preached *through Jesus* the resurrection from the dead.' In the chapter now cited, the same doctrine is defended. He predicates the resurrection of man from the dead on the fact that Jesus had risen. Thus he says, 'Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ, whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not.' And then in the remainder of the chapter he labors to establish the doctrine and nature of the resurrection.

Let us consider his eloquent description. 'But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the

first fruits of them that slept.' Here is the foundation. 'For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order; Christ the first fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all.' And then in answer to those who should ask, 'How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come?' he reasons as a Christian philosopher. A question of doubt and unbelief is set before him; and he proceeds to answer it by allusions to the power of God as witnessed in the mysterious and diversified operations of nature. 'Thou fool, (inconsiderate) that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain; it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh; but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory, so also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natu-

ral body, and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit, that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.'

Following up the same heavenly subject, he thus concludes, 'Behold, I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'

From whence received Paul this sublime doctrine of the future life? Did he obtain it of man? Came it to him in the wisdom of the schools? Nay; he received it from the great teacher of Christianity; 'the author and finisher of our faith.' When Jesus was called to speak of the life hereafter, he testified to the same great truth so clearly set forth by the apostle. Let us listen to his language when he was encountered by the Sadducees who denied the resurrection, and who came to reason with him. The case was suggested by them of the woman who had seven husbands. *Whose wife shall she be in the resurrection?* Jesus answering, said unto them, 'The

children of this world marry and are given in marriage: But they which shall be accounted worthy[1] to obtain that world and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage; neither can they die any more: for they are equal unto the angels: and are the children of God, being children of the resurrection.' Other passages make the same statement, only with a variation in language. The doctrine here declared cannot be mistaken. Who are accounted worthy to be raised from the dead? All men. This is generally believed by Christians of all sects. What is their destiny? They are equal unto the angels. They cannot die any more. They are children of God. Let these three statements be carefully considered; and the perfect agreement of them with the apostle's description of the resurrection will be seen. He declares that state to be incorruptible—where death shall be destroyed, and where God shall be all in all. The disciple faithfully heeded the instructions of his master.

It would seem that no person who examines this subject with prayerful attention can be at a loss to understand the meaning of the written word; and that none who fairly understand it, will give place in their minds to that suggestion of man's wisdom so often heard in the Christian world, that there is 'no change after death.' The words of Jesus and his faithful apostle will ever stand witnesses against it. 'For they are *equal* unto the *angels*.—The dead shall be raised incorruptible, and *we shall be changed*.' Then will end the mediatorial reign of the Redeemer; then will the pleasure and eternal purpose of Jehovah concerning his children be accomplished; when sin and death shall be forever destroyed, and an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that

1 Learned commentators are generally agreed that the word 'worthy' here as used by the evangelist Luke, has no reference to any merit on the part of those who are raised. Dr. Campbell renders the word 'honored.'

fadeth not away, shall be the portion of every son and daughter of Adam. And how in face of such testimony can it be asserted that *eternal death* will be the doom of a portion of our race, after the grand event of the resurrection to a future life? Christian believer — receive not such doctrine as truth before thou hast searched diligently the word of the living God! There wilt thou learn that thy Savior hath conquered the king of terrors! He hath entered his gloomy kingdom, prostrated his dominion, and hath come forth again, 'having obtained eternal redemption for us.' He will destroy death.[1]

With this doctrine before us, let the question be seriously asked if any other can be presented which shall for a moment stand the test of comparison with it? In view of the perishable nature of all things earthly, and having before us that eternity from which none have returned, we ask every one who has the gift of reason, if the hope of the resurrection as here drawn, is not above all other hopes the most desirable to the human heart. The redemption of man from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God! Ask all into whose bosoms the light of benevolence and justice has shined, wherever they may be moving among the great throng of created intelligences that dwell on this footstool of the Eternal, if they can conceive of any thing more truly glorious and sublime? Inquire of that Christian believer in the doctrine of the resurrection, but who believes that this great event shall be succeeded by the interminable woe of countless millions; ask him when he has been called to mourn the departure of a near earthly friend, while he has no hope of that friend's happiness hereafter. But a

1 The well known hymn of Dr. Watts beautifully expresses the gospel doctrine of death's destruction:

'His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And *death itself* shall die.'

short time since, you might have heard this same individual speaking lightly of the hope of Universal Redemption. But now the scene has changed ; and to your question the answer is returned ; 'O, that I could believe your doctrine—that I could have the assurance of salvation given me for the one whose loss I now deplore! I could then be at peace ; yea, I should receive consolation, and rejoice in hope!' This is in substance the sentiment of many a mind as it has been expressed in various forms under circumstances like the one here presented. Proof positive that the New Testament doctrine of the resurrection to a future happy immortality, is in the hearts of those even, who, with the eyes of their understandings have not yet perceived its truth and excellency.

Ask of another ; that individual whose philosophy has by certain reasoning led him to conclude that man's existence ceases with this life, and that when the breath of mortality shall depart, instead of ever assuming hereafter a more exalted rank among the intelligences of God, we shall be 'as though we had ne'er been' — our spark gone out in the gloom and blackness of eternal night. Let us propose one question to this philosopher ; and from his very title we expect a candid answer. Brother ; you have no expectation of living again hereafter ; and your own reason informs you that soon this last sleep of death may come upon you. Now here is all the pleasure and power, wealth and treasure of earth and time on the one hand, and immortal life on the other ; which dost thou choose? 'Immortal life,' would be the answer, coming from the secret depths of the soul! The gospel hope is in agreement too with the spirit of the doubter. He can find nothing better — nothing more in accordance with the purest desires and loftiest conceptions of the human mind. And thus it would be, wherever the question should be urged home. Human nature untrammelled by educational

prejudice or bigotry, agrees to the true doctrine of man's future existence.

We have thus briefly stated the doctrine of the resurrection. And it should be borne in mind that this is the great distinguishing doctrine of Christianity. It is this which leaves all other doctrines in relation to the future life at an immeasurable distance behind. It is this which rears its stately head above all the theories, visions, fables, and inventions of man, and shines in heavenly brightness over the wide waste of human existence, bidding the child of mortality be of good cheer, and take hold on the promises of the everlasting Father, who is God 'not of the dead, but of the living.'

And yet this wonderful doctrine has not been understood and declared as it should have been by many of those who have appeared as teachers of 'Jesus and the resurrection.' Since the days of primitive Christianity, foreign opinions have been joined to her system, and the native loveliness of the true doctrine of the resurrection has been in a measure obscured: so that we are compelled to ask why this doctrine is not preached more, why it is not more clearly elucidated, and more strongly insisted on at the present day? A distinguished biblical commentator has aptly alluded to this matter in the following terms: 'One remark I cannot help making. The doctrine of the resurrection appears to have been thought of much more consequence among the primitive Christians than it is now. How is this? The apostles were continually insisting on it, and exciting the followers of God to diligence, obedience, and cheerfulness through it. And their successors in the present day seldom mention it. There is not a doctrine in the gospel on which more stress is laid; and there is not a doctrine in the present system of preaching which is treated with more neglect.' [1]

This writer is correct; and although his ideas on

1 Dr. A. Clarke's Commentary on 1 Cor. xv.

this important topic are not in agreement with ours, yet what he says concerning the resurrection of man as a fundamental doctrine of the gospel, is worthy the deep attention of every Christian reader. May the Lord enlighten those who are yet ignorant on this mighty subject ; and so direct the understandings of Christians, teachers and people, that they shall see and rejoice in that soul-inspiring hope which declares that death shall end, and that all shall live to God forever!

It is the intention of our heavenly Father in giving the doctrine of the resurrection to mankind, to deliver them from the fear of death. All feel something of this fear. The poet draws the true picture, thus:

> 'The dread of something after death,
> The undiscovered country, from whose bourne
> No traveller returns,—puzzles the will;
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
> Than fly to others that we know not of.'

Ignorance of the future thus operates on the mind. Thousands have made life horrible in consequence of dark and dreadful views of an hereafter. And thousands now live who look on death with any other feelings than those of composure and satisfaction. To fill up this awful void, the truth of man's resurrection is proclaimed, through the Redeemer. Hear the apostle. 'Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same ; that through death he might destroy him that hath the power of death, that is, the devil ; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage.' Such is the efficacy of gospel hope coming to the storm-beaten, sinking mariner on the ocean of life, and proclaiming in angelic strains, 'Fear not! for behold I bring you glad tidings!' Tidings of freedom from sorrow, sin, frailty, corruption and death, and exaltation to the ecstatic, unending bliss of the intelligences of heaven.

'Ye are dead,' saith the apostle, 'and your life is hid with Christ in God.' Here is asserted the same doctrine which we have just passed in review. Christ was the life of the brethren believers of the apostle. He is also the life of the world. 'As the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself,' and to 'quicken whom he will. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.' How interesting then to the true believer must the Son of God appear! What love in his mission to the world! What benevolence in his intended work! What almighty power and infinite glory in its accomplishment!

The great question, 'If man die shall he live again?' is thus answered in the gospel. To all the aspirations of man for power over death, and for life beyond the grave; to all the impulses moving within, and joining with numerous testimonials without; to the instructions of nature on the question of man's eternal progression in being, the voice of revelation lends its aid, and thus the evidence comes to us, full, deep, convincing, consoling and happifying — that man shall not slumber in the dust, but arise to higher, purer, and brighter abodes, where 'there shall be no more death,' but where existence shall be immortal, and the children of the resurrection enjoy the perpetual smiles of the love of God.

'Unfading hope! When life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul and dust to dust return!
Heaven, to thy charge resigns the awful hour!
Oh! then thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly,
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye,
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day!'

Chapter IV.

BELIEVER'S COMFORT.

'For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord.' *Rom.* xiv. 9.

True Christian hope is effectual in promoting the moral happiness of its possessor. It was so in the early days of gospel power. 'And every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he (Christ) is pure.' It is so now. In the mind where living, gospel hope hath taken up its abode, is 'righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit.'

1. One advantage of Christian life is this; it sets the affections on things above. Few comprehend the meaning of this. The gospel believer best understands it. To him belongs the privilege of living not only in the world, but above it; so that while he seeks to discharge the various duties which devolve upon him, he forgets not that he is still to have his conversation in heaven. He forms a proper estimate of the things seen which are temporal, in contrast with the things not seen which are eternal. Thus he meditates. There are pleasures and joys on earth; but they are mixed with bitterness. Peace is found here; but contention breaks its holy calm. Innocent mirth is here; but sadness is brooding over it. Youth in its loveliness and bloom, is here; but old age and decrepitude follow. Riches and splendor abide here for a season; but suddenly they take to themselves wings and fly away. Virtue is here; but vice is lurking in ambush to destroy her. Life is here; but death is its sure successor. Be it

so. The meditation ends not thus. There is an existence where imperfection cannot come; where peace reigns undisturbed by contention; joy without sadness; and youth forever blooming in perennial bloom. Riches are there; the durable riches of the kingdom of God. Virtue is there; her name is perfect holiness. Life is there, the living principle of immortality; and death can never enter. Praised be God! In the midst of all the darkness and woe, the strife and confusion of this lower world, it is delightful to think on the order and harmony of heaven!

Thus he looks upward and onward — and thus he continues. Who can tell the limits assigned to the freed spirit of man, soaring above the reach of mortal imperfection, and reigning in the more immediate presence of the Eternal! And the joys revealed to its wondering vision! and its extent in knowledge! and its capacity for enjoyment, where death is known no more, and life is ever new! Well said the dying Hooker, 'I am going to leave a world disordered, and a church disorganized, for a world and a church where every angel and every rank of angels stand before the throne in the very post God has assigned them.' This is the way in which the will of the Father is done in heaven. Above the reach of ambition, selfishness, vanity and pride — where love can create no envy, and humility no scorn — where sects and divisions shall be lost in the *one* name of Him who died for us and rose again — is everlasting light, unmixed truth, undisturbed order, perpetual peace! There, 'like the mighty rivers which in their progress visit different tribes and tongues, and at last unite their waters in the sea; so from every age of the world, and of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, all will at last be seen flowing together, and the various sects, and parties, and ranks into which Christians have been divided, will be lost in the ocean of Infi-

nite Love.' Blissful anticipation! 'While I muse the fire burns!'

2. Another advantage of Christian hope is found in the contentment and resignation which it produces. As said the philanthropist Howard, so every true Christian believer will say — 'My hope is in Christ.' Christ is the manifestation of God. He whose hope is founded on eternal holiness and truth, will have the advantage over all the unbelief of the earth. He cannot fail, if the gospel hope cheers him. He can say with Paul, 'I have learned in whatsoever situation I am, therewith to be content.' Faithfully using all the means given him to render this life a blessing to himself and others, he does not murmur at the allotments of Providence, if ills befall him. He seeks to turn all his adversities to a profitable account, and to come out of them the better instructed in the mysteries of the kingdom. Keeping 'a conscience void of offence,' he knows the truth of the apostle's saying, 'We which have believed do enter into rest.' Words of heavenly consolation reach him from the Scriptures; and he listens, and applies to himself their sacred truths. 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord; he shall sustain thee. He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him. The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust, my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower. God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the depths of the sea. My heart and my flesh faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord

thy Redeemer. I, even I, am he that comforteth you. Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort. Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.'

Thus, in his spiritual need, he eats of the bread 'that cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world,' and drinks of the water of life freely. The ways of his Maker, although to him past finding out, are nevertheless regarded as just and true. And thus it is with him, that not even an affliction is lost, not a change is unimproved. In the striking language of another; 'he studies even his own history with pleasure, and finds it full of instruction. The dark passages of his life are illuminated with hope; and he sees that though he has passed through many dreary defiles, yet they have opened at last into brighter regions of existence.'

3. There is another, and still greater effect of true Christian hope. I refer to that view of death which it inspires. In this view there is nothing of gloom or terror; but the full radiance of immortal life. The believer looks not on this earth as his home; and while he is willing to await his call hence, he is looking for that city 'which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' This state of mind belongs especially to the believer in gospel truth. If others without true faith, are led in view of the ills of human existence, to desire death; the believer in view of the promises of immortal life given in the Scriptures, may truly say with Job, that he desires not to live always on the earth. It is not his wish, however, because God has assured him of perfect bliss hereafter, to be so impatient of delay as to overlook the benefits and enjoyments of this life, in his longings after the future. He does not say that because a rich inheritance is to be his in the life to come, it is therefore of but little or no consequence about

the present ; that this life is a burden, and the next only, worth possessing. Such would not be the reasoning of a grateful, humble heart. He loves this life because God gave it ; and he seeks to make it a profitable, pleasant, and happy one. He loves the future by faith, and cheerfully awaits the moment when his Father shall call upon him to enter into its joys. Such is the Christian's gospel view of life and death.[1] Here he has no abiding city ; but he seeks one to come. He says with Paul, not in words of doubtful import, but in holy confidence and joy, — 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. Therefore let no man glory in men ; for all things are yours ; whether Paul or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come ; all are yours ; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. For which cause we faint not ; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen : for the things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.'

Such is the expressive language of the Christian believer in the gospel doctrine of the resurrection. Like the patriarchs of old, he confesses himself a stranger and pilgrim in the earth. He journeys onward ; his way is through the world ; and he looks on his pilgrimage with joyful hope, knowing that the delights of immortality await him on his arrival at the permanent, everlasting home.

1 In the light of this subject a reproving answer is given to that unholy suggestion sometimes made, that if all will be well hereafter, why not seek to rid ourselves of this life, and enter immediately upon the joys of heaven ?

If, during life, and in the distant prospect of death, the hope of the gospel proves all sufficient for the humble believer, it is when the grim messenger comes near, and gives him warning of speedy dissolution, that he realizes the peculiar power of his hope. Hitherto he has only seen — now he is compelled to feel the hand of the destroyer. All the energies of his soul are concentrated in this deeply impressive hour; this intense scene of his exit from time, and his entrance into eternity. Where now is that courage, that firmness, that freedom of soul, that triumphant hope, which have up to this season been exercised only in anticipation? They are alive and in action. Whenever and wherever the christian is called to meet death — in the quiet chamber — by the way-side — in the desert — or on the wide sea — with the multitude, or alone — he enjoys inward peace. A prospect is before him which disarms the foe of his terror. Amidst all the intensity of feeling inspired by circumstances around him, he has this in mind, that before he enters on the enjoyment of his undisturbed and endless rest, one last struggle must be had. Yet faith whispers,

'Let not death alarm thee —
Shrink not from its blow —
For thy God will arm thee —
And victory bestow;
For death shall bring to thee no sting —
The grave no desolation;
To die is gain — with Christ to reign —
The Rock of our Salvation!'

The Spirit's weapons are furnished him by the word of God. They are all he desires. His inspired tongue gives utterance to the truth with which he is armed and strengthened; and as he battles with the enemy, and the struggle increases, and waxes warmer and warmer, he is heard to exclaim, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod, and thy staff they comfort me. For this God is our God forever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death.

God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave ; for he shall receive me. My flesh and my heart faileth ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed.' Thus encouraged to the last, his peaceful, triumphant exit gives assurance that 'DEATH IS SWALLOWED UP IN VICTORY!'

Such is not the death of the philosophical doubter, nor of the heedless, hardened sceptic, whose hopes of the future expire in darkness. If it be said that such have met death with composure and in apparent peace: we have only to ask, can such composure or peace be likened for a moment to the Christian's bright prospect of endless life? Doubt and prospective annihilation compared with the gospel hope of universal redemption from death, — immortality! Who cannot perceive the superior — or rather, the supreme?

It may now be inquired, if such views of the future as those already considered have been entertained by the greater number of Christians? We answer, they have not. If another question should then be proposed, why many who have not believed in this universality of redeeming grace, have yet died in Christian triumph, it may be here met and considered. The greater number of these have died with unshaken hope and confidence in the grace of Almighty God. And here is the true secret of Christian triumph in death. After all that may be said in relation to denominational differences, the believer is made happy in death just so far as he has confidence in the grace of God. Let the reader understand this ; and then if he is led to ask why we have referred to certain instances where faith and hope in universal redemption have been strikingly manifested in death,

while we have taken no notice of thousands who have triumphed in the dying hour without the aid of this cheering sentiment; he will perceive the reason. The dying Universalist trusts in that saving power and goodness of God which will not only bring him, but all the moral creation into endless life and felicity. This renders him triumphantly happy in the superlative sense. He can have no higher, holier hope than this. He can ask no more; he can imagine nothing greater. He is happy in death because it is impossible for him to be otherwise; such is the direct influence of his religious views. The believer in a limited salvation meets death with composure and peace, or in joy and exultation. Why? Not because he anticipates that darker scene which his faith has sometimes spread before him in the future — endless woe for others; but because the hope of rest from life's trials and storms, from the ravages of disease, and the fear of death; and of perpetual peace and joy in heavenly mansions, sustains him. He leans on one who is able to save — and so far he is happy; so far his hope bids him be of good cheer, and he leaves the world in peace, having gained the victory over death in the strength of divine grace. And we marvel not that under these circumstances the believer in a limited salvation should leave the earthly existence in triumphant hope. *So far as he approaches the ground of true scriptural hope, he is happy in death — and no farther.* Could he believe that not only himself, but all men would be made recipients of a glorious immortality, he would be as much more happy as this hope would be greater than that which he now enjoy. Here is the true statement of the case. Hope, including only a limited salvation, renders him happy. Hope in universal salvation would render him far more so.

These considerations, it is believed, will lead Christians who differ in faith and hope, to view each other with more of charity and brotherly affection. It

should be their strife to see how much of comfort and peace they can impart to those who are about leaving these mortal shores, instead of seeking to disarm them of that power which faith in God inspires. Many sincere Christians have greatly erred in this respect They have sought to shake the faith and hope of others who, with death before them, were rejoicing in

——————— 'That grace
Which sanctifies and saves OUR RACE.'

They would have such renounce their hopes; for what? for others more limited: as if such change would give additional peace and resignation in the hour of mortal dissolution: when instances have been known where the very Christian who has expressed his disapprobation of a hope founded on the universal grace of God, has been heard in view of his own death, to abjure all hope on the ground of his personal merit or works, and depend as a sinner for salvation on the unpurchased, free grace of the Eternal! This is fact. Let the Christian reader draw his own inferences — and know that of all hope in view of our mortal dissolution, that of 'the gospel of the grace of God' is best; and that whenever he hears the saying that *it will not sustain the soul in the hour of death*, he is only listening to a sentiment which had its origin in human weakness, and not in the light and power of everlasting truth. Let it then be understood by Christians that they should not lightly esteem the hopes of others, when these hopes are conscientiously founded on the grace of God; whether they be limited or boundless. Let them learn to aid one another; and if they cannot 'see eye to eye' in regard to the extent of salvation, to encourage at least every dying mortal who at the mercy seat of his Father, awaits in hope his exit from time to eternity. Let the believer in the greatest hope thankfully stand in its heavenly light; and he who has adopted a lesser one, grudge not the more highly favored brother, nor speak re-

proachfully of the sustaining power of that which he himself must acknowledge the most glorious and sublime of all hopes presented to the human mind.

In the preceding pages the term *hope* has been used in such close connection with Christian faith, that no separate definition of the latter is needed. Faith and hope in God's truth constitute the foundation of our happiness and peace in the present, and in anticipation of the future existence. Thus, '*faith* is the substance of things *hoped for ;* the evidence of things not seen.'

Chapter V.

HAPPY DEATH SCENES.

'These all died in faith.' *Heb.* xi. 13.

That the reader may have before him the testimony of facts illustrative of the sustaining influence of gospel faith and hope in the hour of death, a few incidents among the many which might be written, are here presented. Of their genuineness no doubt need be raised; as proof of the same is advanced, such as ought to remove the scruples of every reasonable querist. They are given to the world not as evidences of the truth of the great sentiment so frequently set forth in these pages; but as sure indications that the hope of immortal life for us and all mankind through the grace of God manifested in Christ Jesus, can disarm death of its terrors, and cause the soul as it breaks away from the earthly tenement, to rejoice in its departure 'with exceeding joy.'

From the multitude of cases before us, we have been somewhat at loss to know where to commence, or where to end the narration. But as prolixity may be feared where a collection of obituaries is announced, and as our limits are defined, we shall study brevity in connection with the reader's interest and instruction. It is proper to say, that for obvious reasons, names, places, and dates are given.

In the enumeration of these accounts we are inclined to adopt some arrangement; and shall notice, 1st, Instances where firmness and resignation are manifested. 2d, Instances where deep joy and exultation are witnessed. 3d, Instances where peculiar trials are encountered. 4th, Death of ministers.

1. Among the instances where Christian firmness and resignation are impressively visible, the following will claim our attention:

Mrs. Abigail Stocking, of Springfield, Ms., died July 10, 1829, aged 25. We are informed of her that 'she had never been a noisy professor; but her conduct plainly evinced that she possessed not only a form of godliness, but its power also. She might with propriety have said to others, "show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works." During her last sickness, attempts were made to shake her faith; but it was founded on the Rock of Salvation, and continued firm. A few moments before her death, she called her family and friends around the bed, and cheerfully bade them farewell. She exhorted them not to weep for her; declaring her perfect willingness to trust herself in the hands of her God, fully believing in his infinite goodness. She expressed the utmost assurance of faith that her separation from her friends would be only for a short time, and that she should meet them again in immortal glory. Her physician then observed to her that in his opinion she could live only a few moments, she replied, "I rejoice, for I shall die happy."'[1]

Mr. David Porter, of Dixmont, Me., died July 29, 1829, aged 80. He had been an unwavering believer in the doctrine of universal grace for more than forty years; and his faith was a living one; it worked by love, and purified his heart. Even in the eyes of his scrutinizing religious opposers he was deemed a practical Christian. During the last four years of his life he was deprived of his sight; a misfortune which he bore with singular patience and resignation. 'It was not until his last illness, a consumption,' says a friend, 'that I became acquainted

1 Hartford, Ct., Religious Inquirer.

with him During this short period it was my happy lot to visit him several times. I ever found him anxious to converse on religious subjects. His trials and Christian experience were often spoken of with much feeling. In my last visit but a short time before his death, I inquired particularly of the state of his mind in view of the doctrine he had long believed and maintained; "I am ready and willing" says he "to go, when it shall please God to call me to himself. I have often been told that I could not die in this doctrine; but blessed be God, my confidence is increased in God the Savior of all men, the nearer I approach to him." Thus the good old man died.' [1]

JONATHAN LEWIS, ESQ., of Lisle, N. Y., died July 1, 1830, aged 62. He was for many years an efficient member of the Baptist church. At length his faith was enlarged, and he became a believer in the infinite goodness of God, and his purpose and promise to save all men through Christ Jesus. He joined the Universalist church and society in L., which connection he held for some years previous to his death. He was a humble, benevolent and active Christian. We are told that 'owing to the complicated nature of his disease, and numerous infirmities of body under which he labored, he was deprived of his reason for several weeks previous to his death. In the mean time a report went abroad that he had given up his faith. Viewing his situation as dangerous, and anticipating a deprivation of his reason, he was anxious to add his testimony to the cloud of witnesses which had gone before him, that the doctrine which he had believed and defended while living, would afford consolation in death as well as in life. Accordingly, some time previous to his decease, he called a young man to him, (a nephew who was with him during his sickness,) and reminded him that probably the time of his departure was at hand; and then pro-

1 Christian Intelligencer, Gardiner, Me.

ceeded to express the strongest confidence in the God of his salvation, and his unwavering belief in the final emancipation of the whole human family from sin and death. This was his last testimony.' [1]

Mrs. Retta Safford, of Norfolk, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., died August, 1830, aged 35. For ten or twelve years previous to her death, she had been a believer in the restitution of the whole world to holiness and consequent happiness. Her religious views and feelings may be gathered from the following extract of a letter from her to her husband, written sometime previous to her death.

'I have been (says she) a gay and thoughtless girl. I have not given the subject of religion that attention it demands. I shall here relate what I please to call my conviction. Terror, sir, was entirely out of the question. I felt that I had been ungrateful to my heavenly Father for his innumerable blessings. I felt that my whole life had been one continued scene of munificence. Wherever I turned my eyes, I beheld the beauty, wisdom and greatness of God. I had read the Bible to be sure, but now it was a new book; every leaf revealed to my admiring sight, love eternal to all the human family. I was penetrated by the immeasurable love of God, and melted into contrition for all my offences. I have faith in the salvation of the whole world by Jesus Christ.'

Her last illness was of short duration; only eleven hours; which she bore with Christian fortitude and resignation. The dreadful king had no terrors for her. Possessing reason to the last, 'she entered the valley and shadow of death, with the fullest assurance of passing through it in triumph, to the fair shores of immortality, where she believed she should meet a ransomed world before the throne, clothed with imperishable garments of salvation.' [2]

1 Magazine and Advocate, Utica, N. Y.
2 Trumpet, (Boston, Ms.,) Vol. 3, No. 10.

MRS. JENNET DUNBAR, of South Bridgewater, Ms., died Sept. 1, 1830, aged 82. She had been for many years a worthy member of a Calvinistic church; but during her last illness she professed her belief in the truth that God's mercy and salvation will reach all his offspring. . About two weeks before her departure, she was suddenly deprived of the power of articulation. Yet the mind was unimpaired She gave those around her to understand that she wished to see a minister. When asked if the minister of her church was desired, she returned a negative answer. It was then understood that a minister of the Reconciliation was desired — the one who had once preached near her bed-side during her sickness. He accordingly came, and has given the subjoined statement. 'On my arrival she made signs for prayers and religious conversation. After spending some time in these exercises, I withdrew from the bed-side to give the mourning relatives an opportunity to receive their mother's last embrace and benediction. In a few minutes she commenced waving her hands, and manifested great anxiety to communicate what bore upon her mind. After making several unsuccessful efforts to speak, and attempts to write upon a slate, dying nature stayed its rude hand for a moment, and enabled her to pronounce, sufficiently distinct and emphatical for all to understand —"*full assurance, full assurance!*" I then asked her if she had full assurance in the mercy, goodness, and salvation of God? To which she replied in the affirmative (by suitable expressions.) She continued thus happy unto the end.'[1]

MRS. ALETTA RAYMOND, of Brunswick, Me., died Sept. 20, 1830, aged 28. In early life she made a public profession of religion, and joined the Baptist church. With the Baptists she remained several years, enjoying their confidence and fellow-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 3, No. 13.

ship Subsequently her mind became further illuminated by the spirit of truth; and she rejoiced in the faith of the reconciliation of all men to the Father. In this faith she remained steadfast and immoveable until death. During her last, brief sickness, she manifested great patience and fortitude. On being asked by her husband who was anxiously watching with her, if she did not think she was more free from pain, and whether she thought she should recover, she answered calmly, 'No, I think I shall die.' Her mother then asked her if she was willing to die? 'O yes,' said she, 'perfectly willing. I have no fears.' Thus she departed.[1]

Mr. Jacob Marshall, of Lunenburg, Ms., died Oct. 30, 1830, aged 82. He was also a member of the Baptist church, until led by the discussion of theological sentiments, to search the Scriptures diligently. The result of his examination was a belief in the universal redemption of mankind. This faith he defended with clearness and power. He expressed much anxiety for those around him who were destitute of faith in the great salvation. Even when on his death-bed, he could not suppress his emotions of pity for those who, in sincerity, doubtless, considered it their duty to attempt the subversion of his hope in God's impartial love. A friend who witnessed his death, writes — 'I was present when the physician told him that life's brittle thread must soon be severed. He was asked if he had the least doubt of his former belief in the goodness of God, and final happiness of all intelligent beings. His power of speech had so failed that it was with great difficulty that he could pronounce a monosyllable so as to be understood. He exerted all his powers to breathe out an audible "No."'[2]

Miss Fanny C. Willis, of Westmoreland, N. H., died Dec. 3, 1830, aged 25. She was a

1 Trumpet, Vol. 3, No. 17. 2 Trumpet, Vol. 3, No. 24.

victim of consumption. During a residence in a distant state, she felt its ravages upon her, and desired to be taken home to die at her father's house. The journey produced much exhaustion. During her last sickness, she thought much and talked frequently respecting her death. She had made religion the subject of meditation and study while in health, which, as is here shown, sustained and comforted her in the last earthly struggle. The following extract of a letter written by a brother (Rev. J. H. Willis) who was present at her death, to one who was absent, will testify to her trust in Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.'

'Having arrived home, I hastened immediately to the room where she lay in a light slumber. As I came near, she awoke. After a fervent exclamation, she raised her emaciated arms to embrace me. "John," said she, "do not weep for me, for I shall soon be happy." I asked her if she was willing to die. "Yes — perfectly willing," she replied, "for my troubles and my pains are soon to terminate. How glad I am that I can behold you once more. I thought that I had beheld you for the last time when you left me in T., but a good God has ordered otherwise." Having conversed considerably, our father asked her if she would not become fatigued by too much conversation. "O, let me talk on, father," said she, "for I have but a short time to talk." Her faith and hope were unwavering to the last. I asked her if she had no fears of death. "No," said she, "I long to go, for I hope to be happier than I am now; I have long reflected on death; its horrors cease to be horrors to me." I arrived about 3 o'clock, P. M. At 4, she had a fainting spell, and thinking that she was dying, she called me to her side, and said, "Now John, I am going; farewell! farewell, dear friends; and farewell all! O, MY SAVIOR!" trembled on her quivering lip. So she fell asleep.'[1]

1 Trumpet, Vol. 3, No. 25.

Mr. Jonathan Bond, of Hampstead, N. H., died at Lynn, Ms., July 13, 1831, aged 37. During four years he was connected with the Methodist church. He at length began to perceive a greater faith than that he had hitherto enjoyed. His mind was led to inquire further, in consequence of the fact that while on his knees at the throne of grace, the thought came with great force into his mind, "How can I pray for all men, and believe that some will be finally lost?" He continued in his belief of the salvation of all men, till the last; vindicating it wherever he went. His illness and death is thus related by a friend. 'I was with him till his last breath. His sickness was a consumption; and his sufferings were great. Yet he endured well. About a week before he died, I thought I discovered a difference in him. He appeared filled with love to all, and would often break out in praises to God. He had his senses, perfectly; and took leave of his friends with an affecting composure. When near his end, I asked him how death appeared to him? He answered with much cheerfulness, "O, there is no fear — no fear; stronger is he that is for me than all that can be against me;" then adding, "he that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother" His last expression to me was, "Trust in God."'[1]

Mrs. Martha Burrington, of Burke, Vt., died Oct. 29, 1832, aged 42. In early life she became united with the Baptist church in the vicinity in which she resided; but on a more mature examination of religious subjects in after life, she became convinced that the doctrine of endless woe could not be supported by Scripture, and was opposed to the justice and mercy of God. Under the influence of these impressions she was led to embrace the doctrine of the final salvation of all; and this be-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 4, No. 44.

lief afforded her the strongest consolation in life and in death. In her final illness she was a pattern of meek composure. Her faculties of mind were preserved until within a short time previous to her departure. She conversed fully and freely on her death; and viewed it with pleasure. She would sometimes exclaim, 'O, did I believe that one soul of Adam's family would be endlessly wretched, I could never leave the world in peace. But it cannot be; the Lord is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.' As her earthly tabernacle was dissolving, her confidence in the great goodness of her heavenly Parent grew stronger and stronger. 'Tell my aged father,' said she, 'that I die happy in view of the great goodness of my God manifested in the gift of his Son to be the Savior of the world.' [1]

Mrs. Betsey Ann Wright, wife of Rev. Joseph Wright, of Acton, Ms., died Nov. 1834, aged 23. She was educated in a faith that limits final salvation to a portion of the human family. A faithful mother used every means to guard her young mind against any thing that would operate against this faith. In riper years, however, she was converted to the truth that all will ultimately share the rich inheritance of the salvation of God. Her last sickness was borne under the holy and inspiring influence of this doctrine. While on her death-bed, the religious denomination to which she belonged held an association in A.; when she caused it to be announced to the assembled congregation that her faith and hope were strong and unwavering. Even then, such was her love of listening to the preached word, she earnestly desired to be carried to the temple of God, that she might once more mingle with the believers in the gospel to worship the Father of all. This however was impracticable. We add the following from the minister who preached her funeral

1 Trumpet, Vol. 5, No. 21.

discourse. 'There was one truly affecting incident in the workings of her mind, during her last hours, which deserves record. While enjoying all that peace which the hope of immortal felicity can give, her thoughts were carried back to the time, when, in anxious solicitude, her mother, (then residing in a distant part of the state,) in endeavoring to dissuade her from the faith which she cherished, frequently expressed fears that it would not sustain her in the dying hour. But now when that hour was at hand, her soul rose on the pinions of a living faith, above the terrors of dissolution, and the solicitude which she in turn felt for the well-being of her mother, caused her frequently to express a regret that she could not be present to witness the groundlessness of her former fears, and receive her daughter's dying testimony to the support which a dying spirit feels, when resting on the promise of its God.' [1]

William Barrett, Esq., of Malden, Ms., died Nov. 15, 1834, aged 59. He was a highly valued citizen; and deeply interested himself in the promotion of the religious faith he had espoused. The pastor of the church to which he belonged, writes of him as follows: — 'Realizing how large a share of the happiness he experienced, was derived from the faith of the gospel of God's undying love, his heart delighted in those seasons of public devotion and religious instruction which tended to promote his enjoyment of its principles, and to communicate the same enjoyment to others. And when he contemplated the near approach of his mortal dissolution, his enjoyment of the gospel increased. While he was yet able to ride out, he said to me, "I shall not long continue here ; and I am making arrangements to leave my family, with as much calmness and composure as you can arrange a sermon. The prospect before me is glorious: I have no fear to

1 Trumpet, Vol. 7, No. 22.

trust myself for eternity, in the hand of God. His goodness will never fail. I think upon this subject with much pleasure and satisfaction by day and by night." Not a murmur escaped him during all his sickness. The last time I exchanged words with him, but a few days before his death, his soul kindled up and renewed the strength of his languishing body, when he spoke of the enjoyment of his religion, and in a voice of heaven-inspired feeling, thanked God that he had lived to see so much done for the establishment of the cause of Christian truth in which he had been engaged, and for the prospect that it would prosper, and more extensively bless mankind after his departure. To my remark that we should deeply feel and mourn his loss, he replied, "The Lord's time is the best time, and I am reconciled and willing to go." Often during his last hours would his spirit dwell on the joys that awaited it, after its emancipation from the tabernacle of clay. Heaven was in prospect before him. His daughter has written of him: "During one of my visits to his bedside, I found he was at prayer. After he had finished his petitions, I heard him say — "No sorrow is there — no tears are seen there! Oh! Almighty God! Hell cannot touch me; Heaven is mine!" '

Mrs. Pamelia Wilson, of Charlton, Ms., wife of Rev. J. V. Wilson, died May 6, 1835, aged 19. Through a severe sickness her faith was firm to the last She had lived a practical believer, and found her spiritual strength increasing as she neared the grave. Life's brightest prospects were before her. Yet with these in view, she shrunk not away from the approach of the great destroyer. An account of her death made public, informs us that but a few moments before she expired, she strove to obtain the physician's opinion of her situation ; and while witnessing his reluctance to answer the sudden question, she was seized with a convulsion, and exclaimed, 'I am dying now ; where is my husband?'

The anxious companion came to the bed-side; — she took him by the hand and said, 'We must part.' 'Yes,' said he, 'but we believe to meet again.' 'O yes,' was her answer, 'I believe we shall meet again, with all the world of mankind.'[1]

Mr. Jacob Jaquith, of Troy, N. Y., died July, 1835, aged 43. He was a native of Massachusetts, and a highly respected citizen of T. A secular journal contains this tribute to his memory. 'Mr. J. died of consumption. During the long period of about four months, he was prostrated nearly the whole of the time, and although subjected to extreme physical suffering, he bore up under his afflictions with uncommon patience and fortitude. He was a believer in the doctrine of Universalism. About three days previous to his death, he informed his friends with singular calmness, that he felt the hand of death to be upon him, and observed that he wished his family felt as happy and as resigned as he felt. Subsequently, on the day of his death, he conversed with a particular friend in reference to his approaching end, in the most feeling and sensible manner, and suggested the arrangements he wished to be observed at his funeral. "I begin to see more and more the beauties of the doctrine I profess," were his words. "I desire to have it known that I die in the full belief of that doctrine. I should like to have the Rev. Mr. W. officiate at my funeral. It is my request that the singing choir of the Universalist society, (to which he belonged,) attend my funeral, and follow my remains to the grave." These were the last words he uttered.'[2]

Mr. Stephen Dutton, of Lowell, Ms., died Oct. 22, 1835, aged 83. He was a happy believer in the impartial and efficient 'grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men.' As it cheered

1 Star, (Concord, N. H.) Vol. 2. No. 8.
2 Troy, N. Y., Budget, July, 1835.

him in life, it imparted blessings to him in his declining years, and gave him abundant joy on the bed of death. His last words were spoken to a young clergyman (Rev. T. B. Thayer,) who visited him. In reply to certain remarks which had been made in relation to the endurance of faith while surrounded with opposition, he said, emphatically, 'They cannot change my faith. I know in whom I have trusted; in the God who has helped when none else could help; who for more than eighty years has nourished, and supported, and blessed me. He will not desert me now; no, no, he will not, young man. He will take care of me now; I can trust him.'

Mrs. Mary Herrick, of Lowell, Ms., died Sept. 1836, aged 55. The obituary notice which follows, was furnished us by Rev. T. B. Thayer. 'She had seen something of the trial of life; she had not lived in vain, nor had she believed in vain, as the last scene of her earthly trials gave witness. The time of weakness, of disease and suffering came; and with it came — no, not came — it had long been with her — that holy trust in the wisdom and goodness of God, that assurance that he did not afflict but for some righteous purpose, and that patient and cheerful submission to whatever He thought best, which alone belong to those who have believed in Him as a Father who loveth his children with a fervent and ever abiding affection. Day by day as her physical strength failed, her spiritual strength increased. Gradually, step by step, she went down into the valley of shadows, but it was to her only the pathway that opened into a world of unfading light and glory. I visited her often, and conversed familiarly of death and her approaching departure; and always her thoughts were those of one who looked forward to that event as most desirable, as one that was to bring rest and quiet. It was for this she longed, as the thirsty soul for cool waters. "*Rest* — O how sweet it will be to lie down and be at peace — and at last

wake in a world of peace, where all is calm, and still, and beautiful." All her thoughts of heaven were those of the quiet kind, of hushed repose, where the breezes are gentle, and the river of life murmurs softly by, and the flowers, never fading nor withering, throw out upon the air their delicious and soothing fragrance. "I am ready to go," was her language just before her death — "I am quite ready, O more than ready, I long for the messenger to come; yet I would not murmur; I would be patient, and wait. But it will be so sweet to be free — to go home to our Father, and rest in his bosom forevermore;" — and the tears would start to her eyes — and she would become as a sick child that weeps for joy when its mother comes to take it from a stranger's arms. At last the hour of release came, and she went to rest

> "Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

And I communed with myself in my own heart. This then is the death of the believer. O Christianity, thou friend of the lone, and suffering, and dying! if thy beautiful revealings of Deity and another life be delusion, they are a blessed delusion; and for all the cold speculations of scepticism, I would press thee yet closer to my bosom, and plead to live and die with their holy breathings around me.'

Miss Angenetti S. Daggett, of Attleboro', Ms., died Aug. 20, 1838, aged 25. Of this individual, Rev. W. S. Balch, now of Providence, R. I., has given the following account: 'For nearly two years she has been suffering under a lingering and painful disease, induced, in part, perhaps, by the loss of an only sister. I saw her several times after the death of this sister. A settled gloom seemed to rest on her; she was almost constantly in tears. A worm was gnawing at her vitals which was soon to prove the ruin of her body. She conversed only on the most common subjects, and in the most indif-

ferent manner. She neither expected nor hoped to recover her health. Thus she continued for some months. But I saw her a few weeks before her death — and the scene — how changed! She was on the bed of death; and she knew it. But she greeted me with a sweet smile. She conversed with the utmost freedom on all subjects, but especially upon dying. She was perfectly happy. Her faith was unshaken in her God, as the Savior of all men; her hope was in Jesus; and her home in heaven. Beside her bed lay a tract entitled "The Amiable Louisa," which had been left secretly by a friend of another Christian name, who was scrupulous about conversing with her face to face on the subject of her faith. Along with that tract lay the "Universalist and Ladies' Repository," which she read with great delight and profit. But the Bible she preferred to either. She continued happy and resigned till her death. She talked of her funeral, left several directions, selected a text for the sermon, chose the preacher she wished to deliver it — all with the utmost composure. She finally surrendered her spirit back to her Maker in the triumphs and joy of a devoted Christian.'

Mr. Horatio G. Kendall, of Monroe, Mich., died Sept. 18, 1838, aged 36. He had gone out from New England to mingle in the great strife of enterprise in the west; and had already seen days of success and true enjoyment in his new place of residence. At his early home the principles of gospel truth had been implanted in his mind; and they had grown and strengthened with his riper years. In his last sickness, as long as he had a ray of consciousness left him, he trusted in God's promise to save all mankind. A friend conversed with him a few hours before his death, when there was the most certain prospect of his dissolution; and in answer to the question whether he had any fears or doubts, in regard to the future, he answered with

emphasis, "none at all. Bear it to my friends that I died in the full assurance of a world's salvation."'

Miss Mary Elizabeth Dodge, of Cambridgeport, Ms., died March 24, 1839, aged 23. While sinking in consumption, with the assurance that she could not long remain on earth, she for the first time, declared her faith in the doctrine of universal redemption. This was a matter of surprise to her friends — as she had usually worshipped at other churches than those where this doctrine is taught. She requested the visits of the Universalist clergyman of the place, Rev. L. R. Paige, from whose pen we have the following testimony in relation to her last days: 'At her request, I visited her frequently after this declaration of her faith, and conversed with her as freely as the state of her health would justify. Although for several years she had believed that a portion of mankind must endure endless misery, she now appeared firmly persuaded that all shall be made partakers of immortal holiness and happiness through the divine grace, manifested in our Savior Jesus Christ. This enlargement of her faith, which had taken place during her sickness, but which she had not previously had occasion to declare openly, produced the most blessed effect on her mind. During my ministry, I have frequently been called to visit the sick and the dying; and though I may have witnessed as strong faith, I never before witnessed such a uniform and undisturbed composure as she exhibited, or such a calm and cheerful contemplation of death. She observed, at my first visit, that only one disagreeable thought was connected with death, — she must leave her dear friends; and for a moment a shade of sadness passed over her face; but it was almost instantaneously succeeded by cheerfulness, while she added, — but I shall meet many friends who are now in heaven, and those whom I leave will soon follow me there, and we shall never part again. She did not speak to me of death,

merely as an event which should be met with fortitude because it cannot be avoided, or which should be desired as a relief from pain which had become tedious and intolerable. But her willingness to die appeared to spring from an ardent desire to be in heaven. The exercises of her mind, in this respect, forcibly brought to my recollection these words of the apostle: "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life." 2 Cor. v. 4. In this state of mind she continued, sustained by faith, cheered by hope, and patiently enduring pain and distress, until her willing spirit departed from its earthly tabernacle to dwell in that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."'

Mrs. Mary Barrett, of Malden, Ms., died May 14, 1839, aged 55. In this instance all the best powers of the Christian were in action. Her firmness and resignation were worthy all imitation and love. In the sorest afflictions of body or mind; in the death of an inestimable companion, of beloved children, and other kindred — in debility and gloom, where fainter hearts would have quailed, — never was her trust in heaven impaired. Where others might have been in darkness, she enjoyed the clear light of Christian faith, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Death, to her, had no terrors. She dreaded not its approach; but would cheerfully and calmly express herself in language like this: 'I once thought I should be greatly alarmed at the approach of death; but I am not. I look upon it as sleep after the labor of a long day. It will prepare us to awake with new vigor in the morning. I am weary, and desire to rest.' And when the hour of dissolution came, it found the same calmness and peace. 'I am ready to go when that place is prepared for me in the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' In this confidence

and holy hope she departed. She was one of those whose transition from earth to heaven is thus drawn by the poet's pen:

> "They set as sets the morning star, which goes
> Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides
> Obscured among the tempests of the sky,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

Miss Harriet Kenrick, of Haverhill, Ms., died May, 1839. The account of this death we have drawn from the substance of a discourse delivered on her death by Rev. H. Bacon, and published in the 'Ladies' Repository' for August, 1839.

'Since my residence here, our sister has been regarded by me as one of the most interested and active in the cause of our common Master. Her interest in divine truth was ever increasing. No seasons of lukewarmness — no times of indifference — no feelings of coldness were known to her. Were I to draw out her religious character, I should mark its traits thus: — 1. *A deep conviction of the necessity and advantages of early piety.* This was the theme that was interwoven in many excellent articles she wrote for our social meetings. Two extracts are subjoined. In one communication she says:

'The teachings of the Bible are to the young especially; and we should ever be mindful that if we take heed to the blessed truths therein recorded, they will make us wise unto salvation. As God is love, let love ever be in our midst to urge us on in the paths of holiness; and as we are commanded to have charity one towards another, let us strive to exercise toward others that charity we should wish shown to us in their place, and to this end let the love of God abide in our hearts continually. May we study the blessed volume, for there we can ever find some new subject opening for our instruction; it is there we can find a balm for every wound; and if we rightly understand the teachings of this book, we shall have no gloomy fears of the

future, but can lie down to sleep as to pleasant dreams, feeling conscious that should we awake no more on earth, we have a resting place on high — a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

"While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied." '

Again, in another communication she remarks:

'If there is any particular period in life when we should strive to serve the Lord, it is youth; for then the mind is free from the cares that crowd upon it in after years, and the impressions then made are the most likely to remain to govern our conduct in future life. Then let us resolve that we will now serve the Lord. And may we remember that to serve him, we must take heed to the teachings of his word, and bear in mind that serving him consists not in merely attending public worship on the Sabbath, and then forgetting the praise due to his name, but that we must ever cherish feelings of reverence for his character; and to give the praise which is acceptable to him, we must give the praise of the heart as well as of the lips. Many have been kept from embracing the religion of Christ, because of wrong views of its character, supposing that by becoming religious they must relinquish the social joys of earth, and assume a gloomy countenance. But as our faith exhibits a brighter hope, so it also gives a more cheerful religion, and tells us that religion is suited to the young, and intended to increase their joys.'

'2. *An ever increasing desire for religious knowledge.* She knew how essential to a well grounded hope is a correct understanding of the principles of divine truth; and the Bible became her chief and most delightful study. And I doubt not that she has done service to her Redeemer by her efforts to remove objections to our faith from other minds. I pray God that some who rejected her words, and told her that she herself would reject them in her

last hours, may have recalled them, since her last conscious moments were used to defend them. "Would I could tell them how happy my faith makes me!" was one of the last wishes of her heart.

'3. *A high estimation of the worth of the Sabbath School and Bible Class.* She always regarded the school as an important means of advancing the cause of truth, and giving the young right views of religion and duty. She prized the Bible Class highly. Her last words were of it — its members — its happy meetings — its benefits — how she hoped it would be sustained and regarded more. "Tell all of them," speaking of her class-mates, "to be faithful."

'4. *Constant love of the Sabbath, and delight in its exercises, and in all our devotional meetings.* She felt that a good was denied her when she could not attend public worship on the Sabbath; and an affecting comment on this truth was given us. On a Sabbath a few weeks before her death, while unwell, she begged to attend meeting, feeling that it would be her last visit. That same day she was laid on the bed from which she never arose.

'She met the consciousness that she must die with the composure we might have anticipated. While nature is putting on her summer garments, the air vocal with melody, and bloom and fragrance in all her bowers; while is opening the season most ardently longed for by the young, and the memory of pleasant hours in the past is bringing up to the eye of fancy beautiful images and scenes; the thought of death is to many awful indeed — the shroud, the pall, and the tomb, present a gloomy contrast to the life and brightness of the outer world, and the thought is put away as gloomy. It was not so with her. "Thou must die!" came with no terror to her ear — she could hear it and smile; for she did not contrast the glory of summer and the desolation of the grave — the music and joy around with the silence of the last resting place — nor did she dwell

on how brightly the river would flow, the flowers bloom, and how sweetly the birds sing, and she unconscious of all; but her enlightened mind contrasted earth and heaven — the pains and infirmities of this life with the health and joy of a better — and though she loved much the pleasant scenes of her childhood, the friends of past happy days, and had a thousand ties to bind her to earth — yet the attractions of heaven were stronger than all, and she was ready to depart to be with Christ. Her resignation, patience, and trust in God and her Savior, are well implied in the verse she murmured out soon before she lost the consciousness of things around her,—

> "Jesus can make a dying bed
> Feel soft as downy pillows are,
> While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there."'

Mrs. Hannah Runey, died in Charlestown, Ms., August 6, 1839, aged 52. Mrs. R. was one of the excellent of earth. Of her character and departure, Rev. H. Bacon has furnished the following testimony. 'Her mind was richly stored with the treasures of gospel truth, and she loved to converse of religious things; of the universality of God's free love, and the certain and glorious consummation of the Redeemer's mission. She was willing to be known as a Universalist; and was always ready to give an answer to every one that asked a reason for the hope that was in her; and the spirit of this doctrine made her a very social being; and her agreeable conversational powers will never be forgotten by those who were frequently in her society. She was called to endure a long and painful sickness, and she bore it with a Christian's patience. Her death was expected long before the actual termination of her life; but she shrunk not from the continued expectation; for death was not to her the 'king of terrors.' Her religion had taught her to look upon it as a wise and benevolent ordination of her heavenly Father. She could converse of her

approaching dissolution with a calmness and confidential trust in the future, that told she was a firm expectant of immortality and bliss. Her death scene was one of beauty and peace, showing that the spirit may enjoy the very Sabbath of life when the outer frame is perishing. She felt that death was near, and assembled her children around her, exerting herself to whisper the names of tunes and hymns she desired to have sung; and when the melodies were closed, her simple response was, 'Beautiful! beautiful!' Rev. S. Streeter, was in the room and engaged in prayer,—but in a moment the last pulsation of the heart was stilled—and she slept.'

Mrs. Phebe Luce, of Hartland, Vermont, died Sept. 1, 1839. For an account of this death, we are indebted to Rev. M. Sanford, now of Hartland. He informs us that 'she had been confined to her bed for several months, by a most severe and aggravating disorder; but still she found the grace of God sufficient for her. Happily, she had been brought up in a family of devoted Universalists. She was instructed to believe in God as her Father, in duty as her chief good, and in immortality as the gift of God. These ennobling truths in their practical operation, rendered her an ornament to society and to her sex while in life; and the comfort arising therefrom gave her patience in sickness and triumph in death. A few days before her final exit from earth, I called to see her. Notwithstanding her afflictions, the Lord delivered her out of them all. She was perfectly composed and tranquil. I inquired of her if she expected to recover. Her answer was—'It matters but little to me. The judge of all the earth will do right. If he is pleased to restore me, I think I should be thankful; but if he has otherwise ordered, I believe I can say with my Savior, 'Thy will, O God, be done.' I then asked her if the doctrine of universal, unmerited salvation was the ground of her faith. 'O yes,' said she; 'it is

strange to me that any can find peace in any other doctrine. How can they be happy in the belief that some of their fellow creatures will be forever cut off from God and heaven! And I cannot see,' added she, 'how any can hope to gain heaven by what they can do. It seems quite enough for us to win the blessings of this life by our exertions; but to secure the joys of immortality—O, it is too much! I place my whole confidence in God's grace and love.' She continued in this happy frame of mind even unto death; and while she was struggling in the agonies of expiring nature, on being asked if she was still reconciled, her pale, quivering lips whispered, 'yes—reconciled, and happy too.'

Miss Lucinda Willard, of Hartland, Vt. The obituary notice of this young lady is written by the same hand. She died in the autumn of 1839. The writer states; 'she was a young woman of fine talents and much promise. She seemed to be surrounded with every thing that could render life desirable. But in the midst of these means of enjoyment, and while youth was spreading its roses around her, a fatal disease came upon her. She was to be the victim of consumption. The time soon came when she saw that early death was her doom, and that she must quickly bid adieu to all the blessings and endearments of this world. But, thanks be to God who giveth the victory, she was not without hope. She had been faithfully instructed in gospel truth. In her Creator she saw a universal and everlasting friend; in immortality she beheld a blissful, sinless home. Thus she was armed to meet the king of terrors; and although she could not wholly evade his arrows, she came off more than conqueror through him that loved her. Looking through all the sufferings of the present, and seeing how immortality would "o'ersweep all pains, all fears, all tears," she reckoned "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that

shall be revealed. For the creature shall be delivered from this bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the sons of God." In the spirit of this truth she bore her sickness. I frequently conversed with her about death and eternity; and to her these subjects so full of terror to most minds, had nothing in them to give sorrow and woe. Have you no fears, said I, of any thing beyond death? "O no," she replied, "I never did have." Happy soul! thought I—what peace would all Christians have in the prospect of death, if they had your faith! And how important that this faith should be preached and believed! While talking to her friends she would say—"I can freely give up anything for what is before me. This world looks very small to me. I long for the time of my departure to come." And when this solemn period came, what composure, what triumph did she manifest! She called her parents, sisters, and other relatives one by one to her bed-side, thanked them from her full soul for their kindness and labors of love, commended them to God and the word of his grace, and took an affectionate adieu of them saying, "weep not for me; we shall all meet again in a better world."

> "The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close;
> And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes!" '

Miss Mary Ann Durin, of Woburn, Ms., died Oct. 4, 1839, aged 31. From an obituary notice published in the 'Trumpet,' soon after her death, we present the following: 'The character of Mrs. D. was strongly marked by a happy blending of three excellent qualities—she was sensible, amiable, and accomplished. Consumption was with her physical constitution. It had carried off before her, father, mother and two sisters. Though educated strictly in a limited faith, (her father was a respectable clergyman of the Baptist denomination,) yet her mind was not in the least disturbed by any of those fears and apprehensions of evil hereafter,

which such a faith will sometimes awaken, especially on a sick bed. From the first she was impressed with the conviction that she should not recover. When asked relative to those subjects concerning which the creed of her religous education seldom fails to create in the mind the deepest trouble and concern, she answered firmly, "There is not one of them which gives me the least anxiety; there is nothing of the future which exercises my mind otherwise than happily." Her confidence in a world of light, love, and blessedness, into which she should enter by death, and meet with dear friends who had departed this life before her, seemed always unshaken, so much so, that when inquired of by her husband if it was not her wish to live, she answered, "no, I shall feel disappointed if I do." She had fixed her mind upon going home to her Savior and friends, and longed to be with them.'

Miss Mary S. Bennett, of Danvers, Ms., died Oct. 27, 1839, aged 22. From an excellent obituary notice of this young lady, published by Rev. J. M. Austin, in the 'Ladies' Repository' for January, 1840, the following account is drawn.

'Few possessed more eminently than did Miss B. those characteristics which surround them with firm and lasting friends. To a strong and well cultivated mind, were added a gentle and kind disposition, a deep love for truth, and an ardent interest in every good cause, especially in the religion of the gospel.

'Naturally of a delicate constitution, sickness at last came, and laid its palsying hand upon her—a protracted and fatal disease destroyed her strength and wasted her form; but to the last hour the vigor of her mind was unimpaired. Throughout all her sufferings, not a murmur escaped her lips against the dispensations of Providence; but she ever expressed an entire submission to the will of her heavenly Parent, nor allowed one doubt to enter her mind that it was not best for her to be afflicted.

Death was not a stranger to her thoughts. She knew that it was advancing with rapid strides ; but she trembled not at its approach. She conversed cheerfully respecting her dissolution ; it was, to use her own language, "a pleasant subject." There were no uneasy doubts ; no disquieting fears, no harrowing suspicions in her soul, in relation to the character and purposes of her Creator. She knew in whom she trusted ; she knew she could confide in that God whose name is "Love." The words of comfort which broke from her tremulous lips—the sweet smile that would frequently light up her pallid countenance—evinced that although her body was racked with pain, her soul was full of the sunshine of assurance and peace.

'The faith which she possessed and loved through life, sustained her in death. As the expiring flame in the socket will send up one bright flash before it goes out in darkness, so the faith of the deceased gleamed out in heavenly brilliancy, just before her spirit winged its glad flight to its home above. As she lay hourly expecting death—as its cold damps gathered fast upon her brow—as her heaving breast feebly and laboriously inhaled a scanty breath—she exclaimed, as it were in a superhuman voice—"If my last hours have come, I desire to testify my faith in Jesus Christ—that *glorious faith* which includes all mankind !"

'Miss B. was remarkable for her sterling independence of mind. She never inquired in relation to any doctrine, any principle, or custom, is it popular ? is it fashionable ? Her only questions were, is it true ? is it right ? And to answer these inquiries, she trusted not entirely to others, but listened and investigated for herself. And when she satisfied herself that a sentiment, a principle or custom, was true and right, she adopted it at once, and fearlessly and unhesitatingly professsed it before the world, regardless alike of the frowns or the smiles of mankind.

'One of the greatest deprivations which she experienced in her sickness, arose from her inability to attend on the ministrations of the gospel. On one of those occasions in which she invited me to pray with her, she exclaimed, "I long to hear once more, something that sounds like meeting."'

Well has the writer when speaking of her exit, expressed himself in the sweet language of song :

'I know she has gone to the home of her rest,
Then why should my soul be so sad?
I know she has gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad—
Where love has put off in the land of its birth,
The stains it had gathered in this,
And hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss!'

Mr. Peter Chamberlain, of Petersham, Ms., died Dec. 16, 1839, aged 72. Of his character and death, the following particulars are given by his friend and pastor, Rev. J. H. Willis. 'The language of the poet never seemed truer than in the present instance,—

"The world's a loser when a good man dies."

Men who move in a higher sphere, may be of a more general importance to community. Mr. C.'s sphere of action was more humble, but he was one of the first, and best in that humble sphere. He was an important man in the place he filled. His usefulness was felt to be great in the society where he moved. All regarded him as one of the best of men. He was scrupulously nice that every man with whom he had dealings should have perfect justice done him. He was very honest, upright, and conscientious in all his views. Never hasty in forming opinions, but when convinced that he was right, he was inflexible. Neither flattery, nor frowning could move him at all. He gloried in acting from principle, though all the world opposed him. In religion, Mr. C. was what

he professed of be, a Universalist. To be such, requires great goodness indeed,—but Mr. C. was truly one. He was a pattern of meekness—a peace-maker; ready to oblige every one; friend or stranger—and rather than wrong any one, would patiently suffer wrong himself. His soul was full of confidence in God. Amidst his severest afflictions, he would say, "Ah! well, though I had fondly hoped to have been spared this trial, yet all is for the best. The Lord will do right." He had just returned from a journey to New York, where he had been to visit a son of his, and given to that son a portion of his estate. He now thought his work nearly done. It was so. Last Monday morning, I called to see him—he was failing fast. He spoke but a few words, indicating a peace of mind, and a willingness to go. He was desirous of uniting himself with our church, and would have done this, if health had permitted. He would have participated with his brethren and sisters in the sacred and affecting pleasure of the communion; but with him we never can hold communion on the earth. He has gone to a better, a holier one in heaven. He was in favor of every measure that would advance the cause of pure Christianity. After a short prayer which he wished me to make at his bed side, with his family round him, he sunk as peacefully into the repose of death as the tired infant falls into its gentle slumbers.'

2. Having noted these scenes of Christian firmness and resignation in death, instances are now presented where deep joy and exultation are witnessed.

Mr. Freeman Cobb, of Brewster, Ms., died Sept. 28, 1833, aged 28. Throughout his sickness he was a pattern of Christian calmness and resignation. During his confinement to his bed (which was about four weeks,) though he suffered severe

distress the greater part of the time, he murmured not; and whenever he manifested any impatience, it was to 'depart and be with Christ.' An attendant minister (Rev. T. K. Taylor) writes; 'Often would he stretch out his hands, and inquire if any signs of death were visible. When told that none could be discovered, he would exclaim, "O, do not say so! I long to go to my Savior—to be where there is no sorrow or pain! I would give the world if you would tell me I am dying! O father, what a glorious prospect lies before me! pray for me that I may have patience to wait my appointed time." If tears were shed in his presence, he would bid his friends weep not for him. "I am happier," he would say, "than you are; I am nearer my home. I look upon you with pity." Such was the language continually breaking forth from his lips. His faith was stronger than death.' [1]

Mrs. Francis A. N. Keith, of Salem, Ms., died July 9, 1834, aged 24. She possessed a discerning mind and strong judgment; and from a perusal of the word of God, embraced with all her heart the doctrine of God's universal grace, which she defended with fervent zeal, and adorned by an upright life. During her sickness, an account informs us, 'she had not the slightest hope of her recovery; and what consolation did she derive from her views of the great salvation! Her mind was fixed on heaven, and endless happiness was the theme of her conversation and her song. Her faith laid hold on immortality; and her happy soul struggled to break away from its earthly mansion. Growing weaker and weaker by sickness, her speech at last failed her. After remaining unable to speak for a long time, she at length suddenly (to the surprise of her attendants,) turned herself in bed to the side at which her husband sat, and burst forth in a strain of

1 Trumpet, Vol. 6, No. 16.

melodious singing, "O heaven! heaven! I am in heaven! I am happy! happy!" This was the frame of mind in which she died. Her ejaculations continued like these, "I am ready, ready, all ready to go;—I must go—bring the chariot and bear me away." And at last the spirit broke forth, and soared away to the better world."[1]

Miss Lucinda Mowry, of Nelson, N. Y. died Sept. 1834, aged 25. The following account of her departure appeared in one of our religious periodicals. 'For four or five months previous to her demise, she was convinced that her disease would terminate in her death, and would frequently observe with a smile; "Death hath no terror for me; for I know that my Redeemer liveth." When the time of her departure drew nigh, she requested that her father might be called in, as she wished to see him before she closed her eyes on earth. The old gentleman was led in, (being blind,) when she observed, "Father, the time has come when I must take the parting hand with you and all my friends." Seeing him shed tears, she continued, "Mourn not for me—I am happy! It is true—we must part—but it is equally true that we shall meet again before long. You are an old man, and your glass is almost run; you will soon follow me to the grave; we shall then meet in a better world than this; where sin has no abiding place; where God is all in all." She then added, "I have one request to make before I depart to be here no more. It is, that a Universalist clergyman should preach my funeral discourse." She obtained a promise to that effect, and then added—"Let it not be said when I am gone, that I renounced my faith—but let the world know I died as I lived—a Universalist." A lady of the first respectability, and a firm believer in an opposite religious faith, declared that she had never witnessed such a happy, triumphant death. "I have seen," she added, "con-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 7, No. 9.

siderable resignation in the hour of death; but I never saw death completely swallowed up in victory before.'" [1]

Mrs. Sarah Ann Putney, of Cambridge, Ms., died February 3, 1836, aged 23. Of this lady, Rev. H. Bacon, has given the following account. 'On our first acquaintance, I found that her heart loved Universalism; and its hopes and revelations were her comfort and joy in sickness. As disease wasted her frame, her hold on eternal things increased in strength, and her visions of the beautiful in the future grew more brilliant and distinct. To her the departure through death's door to the spirit world of purity and bliss, was a reality. She as heartily anticipated re-union with her departed and dearly loved mother, as ever did the child as it entered the home where it heard its parent's voice. A short time previous to her death, she was expressing her love for the ordinances of the gospel—the delight she should enjoy in being permitted to hear the gospel preached, and Zion's songs sung, and the prayer of faith offered, and attending the commemorative rite of the Communion; and most earnestly desired that she might gain strength sufficient to attend them, and have her only child publicly dedicated to God. But such a desire could not be reasonably cherished, as life's energies were nearly wasted. Her heart was in her child, and she thought much of its future well-being, desiring it might be given to God by the baptism of faith, hope, and love. The time when she was able to attend to the service was early evening. Several relatives and friends were present in her chamber, and the child, a beautiful, blooming one—stood in a chair at the foot of its mother's bed, so that she, with her head elevated, was able to look with her dying eyes upon the darling. Never did I experience such a solemnity of feeling, as when I there stood between the living and the dying, and

1 Magazine and Advocate, Utica, N. Y.

gave the one to God in prayer, knowing not but the other might depart ere the service was ended. It was a melting scene of religious sensibility, and God was felt to be there! The rite was ended; and when I had borne the child to its mother for the last kiss, she exclaimed, "I'm happy now; all is done that I wished; I want to go; I long to see dear mother in heaven!" Not long delay did she suffer; but in humble reliance on the mercy and goodness of her heavenly Father, she left this world of change for the better and happier — the holy and eternal.'

Mrs. Nancy Greenleaf, of Boston, Ms. died May 21, 1837, aged 39. At the time of her decease, Rev. H. Ballou gave to the public an obituary notice; from which the subjoined extracts are taken. 'Some two months before her death she came to the full conclusion that her time was short, and that she should soon be called away. Under these impressions, she conversed with her husband respecting her departure, with as much composure of mind as she was wont to converse about her domestic concerns when she was in health. She informed her husband at his request, where she should choose to have her mortal remains deposited, (at Mount Auburn,) had her grave clothes duly prepared, and gave presents to her friends. I often called and conversed with her on the state of her mind, which I was happy to find extremely tranquil. She told me that she had no fears concerning her future state; that she could trust herself to the disposal of her Creator, having full confidence in the gospel of Christ. She seemed to take great delight in the exercise of prayer, and said that a prayer was a lasting comfort to her mind. She told me that she desired to be dedicated to God, and to join the church to which I was minister; and suggested a regret that she had so long delayed it. At her request, she, her young son, and adopted daughter, were solemnly dedicated to God, as members of the body and church of Christ.

'Very soon after these things took place, her disorder seemed to yield to the prescriptions of her very skilful and attentive physician, who expressed an opinion that her complaint was not incurable, and a hope that she would recover. She continued to mend, apparently, until a short time before her death, when the deceptive disorder appeared in a varied shape, and baffled all prescriptions and exertions to counteract its advances. Between meetings, on a Sabbath day, I was informed that she desired to have me call and see her. When I went into her chamber, she reached out her hand, which I perceived was quite cold, and indicated that the patient was dying. She looked earnestly in my face, and said, "I am going." I calmly asked her if she was confident that she was dying. She answered "yes." I asked her if she felt resigned to death. To this she readily answered in the affirmative, and added, "I long to go and be with my God." She requested me to pray with her, and to pray that she might soon depart, and that her death might be easy. Many affectionate friends joined in the solemn exercise. As I attended public service, I had not the opportunity of being present at the last moments of life; but I remained long enough to enjoy a most happifying realization of the triumphs of gospel faith and hope over death. Never was a victory more complete. As death made its advances, it appeared evident that it was conquered, and subservient to the triumphant spirit.

'Near the close of life, when all around were expecting every breath might be the last, she seemed to revive, and to exert herself in speaking to her family and friends concerning the subject of religion, enjoining its duties on all. Her husband told her he feared she exerted herself too much; to which she replied that it could not injure her in the least; that God had given her so much time, and just so much strength; and when she had said all she was

able to say, she should depart. She then offered a most fervent prayer for her family and friends, calling many by name, and in two or three minutes, very quietly resigned her breath.'[1]

Mrs. Sarah Noon, of Waltham, Mass., died May, 1837, aged 48. She had experienced many trials during her life; and when death approached, she was surrounded with a young, dependent family, who had a short time before lost their father by death. She was sustained, however, by those hopes and joys which spring from the gospel. And while others wept, she talked of these spiritual blessings, and exhorted them to rejoice in the truth, and prepare themselves to die, by learning to live in the light of Christian faith and love. Never shall I forget an interview held with her a few weeks before her decease. Her children were bitterly weeping around her, and others present were deeply affected with grief. She saw and realized it all; but faith kept her at peace within. She told her children that God would be their father; that they must put all their trust in him; and that when he pleased, he would take them to the same happy home which was in reserve for her. Then she would exult in the hope of immortality; and seem utterly unable to express her deep joy in view of the beauties and glories of the gospel of universal grace and salvation.

A clerical friend (Rev. J. Nichols, now of Claremont, N. H.) speaks of her as follows: 'The Sabbath evening previous to her departure I was called to visit her, and on approaching the bed-side where she lay, the subject of much bodily pain, she addressed me in language of resignation and composure, saying that she should like to have seen me before, that she might have conversed with me freely; that her strength was almost exhausted; that she was soon going home; that she died a believer in the sal-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 9, No. 50.

vation of all men, and wished to have testimony borne to the fact. On beholding her children and friends weeping around her, she said, "you ought not to weep, children ; you ought to rejoice. Who would not rejoice to go home to God ?" She exhorted me to be faithful to the work in which I had engaged, to keep a conscience void of offence, and to leave the event with God, who would most assuredly accomplish his benevolent designs with regard to the salvation of a sinful world. As my time was limited by a pre-engagement, I was under the necessity of leaving her sooner than I could have wished ; for I could not but feel that God was there, affording her consolation, and enabling her to administer it to others. On bidding her farewell, she said, "we shall not meet again on earth ; but we shall meet in heaven." In reply, I said, "I hope we shall ;" at which she cast an impressive look upon me, saying, "you don't doubt it." I felt in this language of the dying woman, a mild rebuke ; and after assuring her I did not, bid her farewell. She lingered for a few days and then departed in joy and peace.'

Mr. William Haley, of Cambridge, Ms., died Sept. 15, 1837, aged 30. The subjoined account is from the pen of Rev. H. Bacon. 'The first interview I had with him was such an one as will never be effaced from my memory. When I deemed the sick one prepared, I adverted to his dangerous case, and asked him if he could think of death without dread ? His countenance instantly assumed the expression of despair, and the tears burst from his eyes, as if a fountain were unloosed, as he suddenly drew the clothes of his bed over his head — seeming desirous to shrink from his thoughts, or as one who would hide himself from the fearful impression of an awful dream. I therefore deferred conversation on this subject at that time — leaving him after prayer. That prayer was the angel of the first true light of religion that beamed in upon his

mind — for, although a prudent and sober individual, he had during life given no special attention to the subject of religious truth. Now at death's door he needed its consolations. After this, my visits to him were more frequent. His mind and heart increased in gospel light and peace. The Bible, and Smith on Divine Government, were the only books he desired to hear read; and his growth in the knowledge of divine things was truly astonishing; for his whole mind and soul were absorbed therein. During the last two months of his sickness, his death was expected almost daily, so weak had he become. But with the waste of the body he realized the increase of the spirit. He could now talk of death calmly—joyfully; and much did he say to inspire his weeping and sickly wife with fortitude and resignation. He had in his soul the witness of the Spirit; Christ was in him the hope of glory; and when the last hour was come, he was full of triumph; and his little strength was used alternately in telling of the joy of faith and hope, and in comforting his wife and sister. As the moment of departure drew nigh, strange strength seemed given him; his shouts of gladness had an awfulness in them from their very intensity; and he died in the very arms of hope.'

Mrs. Harriet C. Kendall, of Woburn, Ms., died March 4, 1839, aged 29. For some time previous to her death, she was so extremely weak, it was with difficulty that her friends could understand her; but she had the exercise of her reason all the time, even long after she had lost the power of speech. A friend gives the following account of her last days. 'About two weeks before her death she told me that her confidence in the free and impartial grace of God for all mankind was firm and unshaken; and spoke of his goodness to her in supporting, and giving her such patience and resignation during her sickness. About one week before her death, when she appeared very low, her mother

asked her how she felt. "O mother—happy visions! happy visions!" was her reply. And the night before her death, she expressed a wish to see her physician, and inquired of her mother after he left, if he considered her near her end, and was told that he did; at which she expressed much satisfaction. The next evening, at about 10 o'clock, the hand of death appeared to be laid on her, and she seemed to take no notice of any thing until about 12, when her speech came to her, and she bid her husband and friends who were present, farewell, saying, "I am going where Christ reigns triumphant. He has fought, and won the victory for all mankind. His reign will be triumphant! triumphant!" And turning to her husband, she said, "My children, my children, dear, dear children, farewell—farewell!" She lingered until about 5, the next morning, and then quietly fell asleep.' [1]

Mr. David Moody, of Newbury, Ms., died Feb. 27, 1839, aged 25. He was sorely afflicted with bodily disease during the last five years of his life. He endured a most painful operation in the removal of a large tumor from the breast. This afforded only temporary relief. The disease returned upon him, and showed itself to have a general hold upon the system. It finally threatened to deprive him of life. 'But here,' writes a friend, 'the glorious faith of the gospel came in to sustain him. He became a strong believer in the universal grace of God about the time his health began to fail him; and this heavenly faith, as though it was given for the very purpose, continued his stay and strong defence to the very close. It was the all-absorbing topic of conversation, and the theme upon which his mind seemed constantly to dwell. He was visited often by his neighbors of a different faith, but so manifest was it to all who saw and heard him, that

1 Trumpet, Vol. 11, No. 34.

his heart was full of the love of heaven, and that his views were to him of the greatest value, that no one could find it in his heart to molest him, or to doubt of his final rest in heaven.

'Towards the close of his life, he was visited by Rev. Mr. D——, the Congregational minister of the place, who treated him with great kindness and charity; and was so well persuaded of the genuine work which his faith had accomplished, that he was constrained to acknowledge him to be a Christian in the fullest and happiest sense. Just before he breathed his last, he took a brother of another faith by the hand, and said distinctly, "Brother B., I die in the full belief of the salvation of all men." Then taking leave of his wife, his little child, his mother, sister, brothers, and other friends, he sank quietly back upon his pillow, and repeated the stanza from the beautiful hymn called "The Dying Christian:"

"What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring;
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave! where is thy victory!
O death! where is thy sting!"

These were the last perfect sentences which he uttered. In a few hours his spirit took its flight to God his Father, in whose love he had ardently trusted. His funeral was attended by the minister before mentioned, who in the true Christian spirit bore testimony to all present that the sickness of this individual had been one of the most interesting he had ever seen, and his death one of the most happy and triumphant.'[1]

Mr. Addison Parker, of Lowell, Ms., died March, 1839, aged 30. We cannot give the account of this death in a more acceptable form than

1 Trumpet, Vol. 11, No. 41.

that in which it is presented by the minister (Rev. T. B. Thayer,) who attended him in his last sickness. He writes: 'We notice the death of this brother for two reasons. First, because of its witness to the power of God's truth in smoothing the path of suffering and death. Second, because many who are of another name, affirmed that he did not die in the faith in which he had lived. Br. Parker exhibited a patience, fortitude and resignation which we have seldom seen equalled in the history of suffering. For several months previous to his departure, his condition was that of extreme and indescribable pain, approaching to absolute agony—his complaint being an affection of the spinal column. Yet during all this long and weary period he mourned not against the Divine Ruler, but the spirit of his conversation and demeanor was this; "Father, thy will be done." He would sometimes say—"I cannot understand why this is, but I know there is some good object. At times I feel as if I could not bear any longer; as if I was nearly worn out; but then I remember that God has some righteous purpose to effect, and so I take courage." Language equivalent to this he often used in conversation with those around. To some one who spoke of being prepared to die, he replied, "O, it is not so hard to die as you think. I tried hard at first against death, and prayed; but it would not do. I trusted in my own strength; but at last I gave myself wholly into the hands of a Savior, and from that hour all was easy—I was calm and at peace."

'When the hour of his departure drew near, he called his wife, mother, and relatives one by one to his bedside, and gave them the farewell kiss. "O brother," said he, "how pleasant it will be, when we all meet together again, with our Father." He had previously given his companion directions relative to his affairs after he should have gone, as to the division of his clothes, mementos, &c. among his relatives. As he found his strength and voice failing,

he observed—"I must hasten—for I have but little time." The last request he made was, that those around him would sing; and when he could no longer speak, he made signs that they should not weep, but sing. Their tears prevented for some time, but so earnest was his desire, that his mother at last summoned resolution enough to commence. To the rest who continued weeping, he signified that they too must sing; and when some joined, he seemed to be satisfied. He smiled several times, and made effort to join in the sounds; and whenever the name of God or Christ was mentioned in the hymns sung, he would raise his hand toward his head. Indeed, as his sister informed me, he seemed anxious to show to all around that he was happy. He seemed to have had a glimpse of the spirit world; and there is something beautiful and touching in his earnest desire that the voices of his loved ones should fall in pleasant and soothing harmony on his dying ear.'

Mrs. Abigail Derby, of South Reading, Ms., died April 3, 1839, aged 30. From the pen of Rev. H. Jewell, we have the following account of the death of this lady. 'Mrs. D. imbibed a firm faith in the doctrine of universal salvation several years since, and consequently became happy in believing that at last all kindreds of the earth shall pay spiritual and divine worship to God. She was qualified to enjoy much inward peace and gospel satisfaction. Death approaching gradually—she had ample time to reflect calmly on the evidences and tendencies of her faith—and as is usually the fact, she waxed stronger and stronger as death stared her in the face. Her hope grew brighter as her deliverer came. The writer often conversed with her upon her feelings—the exercises of her mind—how death appeared to her; and the great doctrine of the everlasting gospel which so wonderfully sustained and cheered her amid the ravages of death; he always

found her calm and reconciled, waiting patiently the approach of the grim messenger.

'She often expressed her willingness to depart and be with Christ. And although she had many inducements to live, still she contemplated dying with as much satisfaction as one would manifest in starting on a pleasant earthly journey. She frequently assured me that death had no sting for her. "If I knew I should not live twelve hours, I should be perfectly resigned—happy—yea, *I would triumph!*"

'Her neighbors who called, although not having her faith, were constrained to say that they believed, after all, it did not matter so much what faith an individual cherished, provided she were good at heart; that such would die in peace. But sister D. could inform them that it was a matter of great importance what faith any individual cherished in the hour of death. She knew the benefits of a good gospel faith from her own experience. She triumphed in the very agonies of death. A few moments previous to her exit, she said to the friends and neighbors around her, "Oh, how could I bear this dreadful pain, did I not trust firmly and rely wholly on my heavenly Father?" I never before witnessed such an exhibition of Christian composure.'

Mrs. D. Noyse, of Haverhill, Ms., died June 21, 1839, aged 56. We are informed that 'the last two years of her life were full of suffering, interrupted by only short seasons of freedom from extreme weakness and pain. During the last year it may be said that she had been gradually dying—the poison of the disease (a cancer) continuing to diffuse itself throughout the system, corrupting the fountains of life. The pastor of the Universalist society attended her frequently. His first visit was peculiarly interesting. Intense pain and sweet pleasure were commingled. 'I have often,' says he, 'stood by her when the greatest effort was needed to keep my tears from gushing out like a flood; so unwonted

was the agonizing picture of human suffering. I have wept in spirit bitterly that she should suffer so much. And then her language was overwhelming to sensibility. "I know not," said she at one time, "why I should have to suffer so much; yet I know my heavenly Father is good and wise; and I am content." And the same sentiment was ever in her soul, a source of the purest comfort. During her whole sickness not a murmur escaped her lips. "My Father is wiser than I," subdued every feeling of impatience. She was always glad to welcome visitors; and many daily entered her home, from all sects and classes. All felt as they crossed her threshold, that they were entering the habitation of a Christian; and from the lips of many of all orders I have heard this confession; "She is one of the most perfect women I ever saw—always good, and loved by all." And to each she would own that it was her faith in God's universal, unchanging love that made her all she was, and comforted her in her sickness. She loved God's house—the preaching of the word—the prayers and praises of his children—and this love was the strengthening angel to her spirit. She lingered long, waiting her release. No shadow ever came over her calm and holy confidence in God; and often did she say, that were she not a believer in the truths of Universalism, she knew not how she could bear her sufferings; for that faith alone could present the unclouded heaven she delighted with the spirit's eye to gaze upon. That, to her, was home. Almost the last words she uttered were, "I want to go home—I must go home—do not wish to keep me here." When the hour came, she resigned herself in calmness and true hope; and in death a sweet smile rested on her features, unaccompanied by a single trace of pain. Many felt it a duty to attempt to shake her faith. But as well might they have attempted with the same breath to blow out the sun. She was a happy victor over pain and death.'

Mrs. Christiana Smith, of Waltham, Ms., died Aug., 1839. An interesting account of this death is furnished by a female friend, (a clergyman's wife,) which is here given. 'When she had relinquished all hopes of recovery, she resigned her friends, and every thing on earth, and lived upon a foretaste of heaven. So perfectly did the mind rule and triumph over inferior nature, and even pain and death, that no one could be unhappy in her presence. Her conversation was in heaven, where she seemed anxious to be herself. She would often say to those who called to see her, that she envied them not their health, she thought her situation the most to be desired. It was, indeed, very profitable to be with her, and it seemed that every one who had the happiness of listening to the words which proceeded from her lips, must have felt a renewed determination to cultivate the principles of that religion, which hath such power to change sickness into health, and death into life.

The evening before she died, I spent a number of hours with her in prayer and conversation. And a happy season it was. It was indeed a foretaste of joys above. Her mind was calm, while heaven and eternal glory beamed upon her soul. And, although nature had then, for about four and twenty hours, been gradually yielding to the fell destroyer, yet her mind, like the solid rock amid the waves and billows of the mighty deep, stood firm and unmoved.

'Her only desire seemed to be, that for the sake of her friends around her, her exit from time might be calm and easy. She told me she had only one thing more to do, and then she was ready to go. She wished to purchase with an article of her own, a Bible to present her husband, and then she had done with every thing here. I satisfied her by promising to procure the Bible as she had desired, and take it to her the next day; and left her for the night.

'The next morning, being sensible that she was dying, she sent for me early. I hastened to be with her, and found her almost ready to be gone. She brightened up as she heard my voice, and again, as she was wont to do, met me with a pleasant smile. "Come," said she, "and don't leave me again." I promised to tarry as long as she should stay with us, and with her dying hand clasped in mine, I sat by her side. She immediately inquired for the Bible, which was procured and brought to her. She seemed rejoiced, opened her eyes, looked upon it, and then calling her husband to her bed-side, she raised her hand, which was already cold with death, and presented the Bible to him, saying, "Take this, and remember when it was that I gave it to you,—that it is your wife's dying gift. Be particular to read it as oft as you can, and in your last moments, I hope it will afford you as much comfort as it has afforded me."

'By her request, I then read a portion of Scripture to her, which she wished to have me mark to be read at her funeral, that her friends might know of her confidence in God, and his mercy towards her. It was the 30th Psalm, and the first five verses of the 31st. She then wished to know if her pulse had any motion, and being informed that we could perceive none, she smilingly said, "I thought so." She then said to me, "Give my love to your husband, and tell him that I died happy, and a *strong* Universalist; and I want him to tell the congregation so." After a moment, she told us she was going, for she could not see us, but she could see her heavenly Father, and her Savior with open arms to receive her, and she was ready to go. She requested us not to weep, but rejoice—and she fell asleep.

'I have seen the righteous die, but never did I witness a more complete triumph over death, than I beheld in this dying saint. In fact, it was not *dying*, but a living on, and entering into a more perfect and happy state of being.' [1]

1 Christian Freeman, Waltham, Ms.

Mrs. Laura K. Hayden, of Ludlow, Ms., died Dec. 8, 1839. About twelve weeks before her death, she was bereaved of a lovely daughter aged about sixteen months. The parting was deeply afflicting; and led the mother to think on the consolations of that hope which assures of universal happiness hereafter. An interesting account of her conversion and death is here given by a clergyman, (Rev. J. H. Willis,) who was an intimate acquaintance of the family.

'Her mind, which had always inclined quite strongly to the sentiments of the Baptists, became much affected, and softened by this affliction, and in this state of sorrow and grief, she felt more than ever the need of just such consolation as Universalism *alone* can afford.

'She thought more favorably of this benevolent doctrine, and felt a warmer desire that it might be true. She prayed to God that he would enlighten her mind, and unveil to her understanding the truth as it is in Jesus. Her prayer has been answered. She commenced reading the Bible with a new interest. O! how precious is the gospel of Christ to the bereaved heart. How full of joy and peace is its holy light, amidst the darkness and ravages of death. It is *then* of all books in the world the most prized, and its instructions are then the most valued and sought for.

'The scriptures were unsealed—the Bible appeared a new revelation to her—a new light seemed to illuminate its sacred page. A new joy filled her inmost soul—she saw the world beloved of God, gathered to his eternal embrace; and with such views could she be otherwise than happy? She was fitting her mind for a new trial. She was arming her soul with a strength to overcome the terrors of the grave. And well was she prepared. About two weeks ago she was attacked with a severe lung fever, which terminated in death last Sabbath morning. On Wednesday evening previous, a severe pain which

had attended her sickness suddenly removed, and she became very calm. Her countenance seemed unusually serene. She said to her husband and sister standing near her, "I feel a change come over my body and mind. I think I have but a short time to stay with you, and I have many things I want to say to you. I feel exceedingly happy—my mind is perfectly at rest—this room seems brightened with a light, more beautiful than any thing I ever before saw—it seems as if an angel has been with me, whispering peace to my mind. I now experience the hallowed joys of pure religious faith. Every thing looks bright and glorious before me—I am not afraid to die, now. Death hath no longer terrors for me. I feel a sweet conviction that I shall soon go in spirit to meet our dear Henrietta. O! the bliss of that time when we shall all meet in that bright heaven of eternal love and peace; to be parted from each other no more forever!'

'After talking on in this strain of enraptured joy for an hour, she turned to her husband, and said with a calm, yet emphatic voice, "If I die this night, tell all my dear friends that I die a sincere believer in the blessed doctrine of Universalism; and it makes me happy, *happy* indeed! O! how mistaken are those who say that this doctrine will not give peace in death. I feel that nothing but a full belief in this, can make a *happy death*. It will do to live by, (nothing truer than this, as all confess,) and I feel that it is *good* to *die* by." What can give a fuller joy? What hold up to view a fairer, brighter prospect to the weary spirit beyond the grave? Nothing truly. The next morning she repeated the same to her husband, and in the fullness of the faith, she took a tender leave of her dear family, aged 27 years. She lamented that some who profess the ennobling faith, should be so *cold* in *heart*, so *far from God* and *duty*.' [1]

Mr. James Downing, of South Boston, Ms., died January 5, 1840, aged 43. Rev. B. Whit-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 12, No. 27.

temore has furnished the following particulars in relation to his death.

'Br. Downing belonged to the Freewill Baptist connection. He was baptized and joined that denomination several years ago. He never expressed a belief in Universalism until a short time before his death, and the hopes of his recovery had vanished. The last day and night he spent mostly in devout prayer, singing, giving advice to and taking leave of his family. Although his bodily sufferings were great, in mind he was perfectly resigned and happy. He repeated several times during the last day, the sentiment, "*The Lord will save us all*, with an everlasting salvation." In taking leave of one of his neighbors who was not a Universalist, he said,—"God bless you; he will save us all with an everlasting salvation." When any thing was done by those around him to alleviate his sufferings, he would express the overflowings of his rejoicing soul, by saying, "God bless you." By invitation, the writer of this called to see him but a short time before his death, and found him in the happy frame of mind before described; his conversation was truly refreshing. He expressed unbounded confidence in the goodness of God, and resignation to his holy will. To the prayer which the writer offered, he responded "Amen." One of the verses which he sung, was the following:

> "When we've been there ten thousand years,
> Bright shining as the sun,
> We've no less days to sing God's praise,
> Than when we first begun."

He continued his devotional exercises till a few moments before his death, when he concluded a prayer by saying, "Lord Jesus, come quickly." "There, (said he) I am done praying." He then began to count, and counted up to ninety, and then yielded up his spirit to his Maker. Though his disorder was of a very distressing nature, yet such was his resignation, faith, hope, and joy, that the gloom of death seemed to be dispelled from the apartment

where he laid, and to convert that apartment into the very gate of heaven.'

Mrs. Elizabeth Eaton, of Malden, Ms., died Feb. 18, 1840. Mrs. E. had lived a practical believer in the gospel of universal grace. She was not only a fond, faithful mother, companion and friend, but a devout Christian. She 'believed with the heart unto righteousness.' In accordance with the principles of her holy faith, she confined her Christian sympathies to no sect, but always delighted to hold communion with the Christian heart, whereever that heart might be found; believing with the apostle, that 'whoso loveth, is born of God and knoweth God.' As she lived on earth, so she departed from it—in the joys of the true Christian faith. In all her bodily weakness, of which she had no small share, she was sustained by the food of the Spirit, the bread of God 'that cometh down from heaven and giveth life to the world.' She realized the all-sufficiency of 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.' She had often prayed that her faith and hope might be as strong in death as in life; and her prayer was answered. No victory could be more complete. The tyrant had no power—no terror. She smiled at his attacks on her frail tabernacle, and exulted over him in view of that eternal refuge from his alarms,—the city 'that hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God.' In the last stages of her sickness, she was truly a comforter to those around her. She desired to depart; and frequently expressed her anxiety lest she should linger for days in her feeble state. 'I fear,' said she to her children, 'that these refreshments I take will keep me here too long. I desire to go home to our Father.' During an interview which I had with her a few days previous to her death, she said, 'I am anxious to go. I am happy in believing that God will take care of his children.' She repeated a few lines of that beautiful hymn, 'I would not live alway'—and then said to me, 'Brother

Adams, I wish you to attend my funeral, to make the prayer, and have that hymn sung, "I would not live alway." ' To a neighbor who had once told her that Universalism would not sustain her in death, she wished it to be said that she died in the unshaken faith that God would make all his children finally holy and happy ; and requested that he would speak to others of this her dying testimony. Such was her confidence and peace to the last.

3. The attention of the reader is now directed to a few instances where peculiar trials were encountered.

Mr. David Gloyd, of Abington, Ms., died July 1836, aged 44. The peculiar trials in this instance were those which the subject experienced from the attempts made to shake his faith in the great doctrine of universal grace and salvation. It is conscientiously believed by certain Christians that those who trust in this doctrine, should not be permitted to die in full belief of its truth, if they can be warned out of it. Such were some of the friends of Mr. G. who attended him in his last hours. He had long been a believer and advocate of the faith of Abraham ; and during the time of his sickness many came to expostulate with him, and, as was supposed, to draw something from him, which would justify the assertion that his religious views had changed ; but in vain. An account informs us that 'as he drew nearer the eternal world, his faith in the rich promises of God's grace grew stronger ; and his mind rose on the pinions of a living faith, and lifted his soul above the terrors of death and the grave. Although exceedingly reduced by bleeding at the lungs, yet he managed to reply in the most cogent manner to all the questions of his visitors ; until he found himself rapidly sinking in the arms of death. He then called his family to his bed-side, requested that a preacher of universal grace might attend his

funeral; and after bidding each an affectionate farewell, in the full possession of all his mental faculties, he fell quietly asleep in Jesus, to awake in the resurrection to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.'[1]

Mrs. Philena Scripture, of Stafford, Conn. died July 20, 1836, aged 19. A faithful clergyman has given an account of her peculiar situation in her last illness—from which account we extract the following: 'The circumstances of her last illness and death are very interesting to the gospel believer. They afford another, to the cloud of witnesses that our holy faith will soften the pillow of death, and make the closing scene more tranquil and happy. Mrs. S. being much out of health, was placed under the care of a physician in Hartford. She boarded in a family whose religious faith was that held by Presbyterians. Several other ladies of this faith were boarders in the family. It was soon ascertained that Mrs. S. believed in the gospel of universal salvation; and efforts were directly made to effect in her mind a change of religious sentiments. They reminded her of her situation; and stated what her physician had declared, that she could not live. And they hoped she would renounce her false doctrine, and make ready for death. She calmly replied to them that she desired to live; yet, if it was the will of God, she was ready to die. Many alarming stories were told to her of young persons who renounced Universalism on their death beds, when they saw there was no longer hopes of life. These things came near sinking her; yet she was sustained by hope in the love of God. One young lady who watched with her during a night in which she enjoyed an unusual repose, said to her in the morning as she awoke—"O Mrs. S., I could not bear to see you sleep so pleasantly, when so near your end, and yet

1 Trumpet Vol. 9, No. 5.

unprepared for the solemn change. I wanted to wake you, that you might make your peace with God, and have a happy death." Mrs. S. replied that she was happy in believing that God was "good unto all, and his tender mercies over all his works;" that she felt reconciled to God; that her faith made her happy, and she wished to enjoy its peace. Before her death she was conveyed to Stafford, where she was permitted to close her eyes surrounded by those who could sympathize and rejoice with her in the faith of the impartial grace and salvation of our God. Her last end was peace.[1]

Mrs. Sarah Lancy, of Lee, N. H. died Oct. 1836, aged 23. A beloved and now departed clergyman, writes of this death as follows: 'We here witness the sustaining power and efficacy of that faith which to the believing Universalist, is "the pearl of great price." She was formerly a respected member of the Baptist church. But the scales at length fell from her eyes—the truth burst upon her understanding—and she was brought to rejoice in the belief of a world's salvation. This faith was to her most precious. It shed its hallowing influence upon the close of her life, and gave her joy and triumph in the hour of death. A few hours previous to her departure, she was visited by a Baptist clergyman who endeavored to shake her faith—but in vain. She conversed with him with calmness and composure; declared to him that "she found in her faith all that she needed to sustain her in that solemn hour; assured him that her Savior never appeared to her so lovely as then; and told him she believed him to be honestly in an error." After arranging the services for her funeral, and requesting that the preacher on that occasion should state that "in death her faith sustained her—that she found Universalism good to die by"—she fell asleep in Jesus in hope of a trium-

1 Trumpet, Vol. 9, No. 8.

phant resurrection for herself and the world, to a glorious immortality. In compliance with her request a funeral discourse was preached from Isaiah xxv. 6–8.

Mr. Alba Page, of South Boston, Ms., died in Smyrna, Nov. 6, 1836, aged 27. He had for some time been affected with the premonitory symptoms of consumption. In the summer of 1836, he bade adieu to his wife, his brothers, and all his earthly relatives; left his native shores, and sailed for Smyrna, in hope that his voyage thither, and the changes of climate would restore his health. But Providence had not so willed. He continued to fail during the voyage, and after his arrival at S. Yet in the time of affliction, he was sustained by that faith which recognizes God as the kind Father of his creatures. A few days before his death, he was able to write a letter to his companion, in which he manifested an entire resignation to the will of God, and a confidence that if he should meet her no more on earth, that he should meet her again in a better world, where sickness, pain and death shall be known no more, and all friends shall meet without prospect or fear of separation. The captain, and others with whom he sailed, and who were with him in the last hours of his life, have borne testimony to the fortitude and resignation with which he met death. What rendered the circumstances attending his death the more afflictive, was the fact that the missionaries in Smyrna, those who had gone out into the world as messengers of peace and salvation to those who need the sustaining influence of truth—the missionaries—reared in the light of Christianity, and set there in one of Zion's waste places to comfort those who mourn, came to the sick and dying man as he lay languishing far from his home and his kindred, and sought to arouse his fears, and unsettle his faith in the doctrine of God's impartial, unchanging and illimitable goodness! Those who gave the account of this

death, declare that "they did all they could to cause him to renounce the doctrine of God's universal grace." But he was not moved. Though destitute of earthly power to defend him against religious error, he was strong within, under the full conviction that though heart and flesh should fail, that God was the strength of his heart and his portion forever. With this assurance he departed. A brief account of this death was published by Rev. B. Whittemore, in Vol. 9, No. 38, of the Trumpet.

Mrs. Caroline L. Raymond, of Boston, Ms., died March 14, 1839, aged 19. We are indebted to the minister (Rev. S. Streeter,) who attended her in her last hours, for the subjoined notice. The reader will not conceive the language to be too strong if he can partake in any degree of the spirit of the writer.

'No death has occurred within the range of my experience, the circumstances of which were calculated to awaken more opposite and intense emotions. It was an instance of mortality which could not fail of producing in all who witnessed the scene, the deepest grief, and at the same time, the highest admiration, and the most devout thanksgiving to God. Mrs. R. was in the very morning, and vigor, and hopes of life. She sustained, moreover, all the tender, intimate and endearing relations which a human being, highly favored by the Providence of God, can fill, in this attracting world. She was an only daughter of parents who had cherished towards her the fondest affections and hopes; and who were able to afford her every facility for an accomplished education. She was a wife most tenderly beloved, whose husband had ample means, and whose highest pleasure was to gratify her every wish; and never probably was a woman more devotedly the lover of the man with whom she had associated her destiny and her hopes for the present world. For him she had

literally forsaken father and mother, kindred and every earthly expectation.

'Mrs. R. was a mother. Two children were with her; one an infant. All that can bind the heart to the present life was in the possession of this excellent woman; and still, without a murmer, and without a fear, she willingly resigned the whole—husband, children, parents, kindred, acquaintance, the world itself, and sank cheerfully into the icy embrace of death.

'What a hallowing and all-subduing sublimity gathered around her in her last moments! Never have I witnessed a more melting and overpowering scene. She was carefully educated in the Calvinistic faith; but after her marriage, she attended worship at the Universalist church, and became a settled and happy believer in Jesus as the Savior of the world; and this holy faith sustained her, and gave her a complete triumph over the fear of death, even when writhing within its fatal grasp.

'The day before her decease, she sent for me to visit her; and, having called her father and mother to her bed-side, in my presence and that of her family, she stated to them distinctly her firm belief in the salvation of all men; assured them that this faith afforded her perfect happiness in the prospect of death; and that she wanted to make this avowal to them herself, that there might be no mistake with respect to the subject after she was dead.

'After prayer, she desired me to consecrate her children to God, which I did. She then placed her pale lips upon theirs, respectively; gave each a mother's dying embrace; requested me to officiate at her funeral, of which being assured, she calmly added, "That is all; I have now done." A few hours after this, her spirit took its departure for heaven. I was not present at the moment of her exit; but was informed by her physician and family, that she was perfectly self-possessed, and willing to go. With a firm and composed voice she gave directions respect-

ing her children, and some domestic matters; and having bid all about her an affectionate adieu, calmly fell asleep in the arms of her Savior. Faithful and happy saint, farewell! Thy years were few; but thy life was long; for "wisdom is the grey hair unto man, and an unspotted life is old age."'

Mrs. Abagail G. Sawyer, of Haverhill, Ms., died Jan. 19, 1840, aged 30. A very interesting account of this lady has been furnished by her pastor, Rev. H. Bacon. 'She was one of the most exemplary women I ever knew. Her mind was early convinced of the truth of the gospel, and she walked in its holy influence. Her trials in sickness were many and severe—unutterably so,—attended with circumstances too painful for narration. Could we command the most eloquent language, it would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the reality, awaking as it did the most sorrowful emotions in those who were but attendants where they could not aid. Her sufferings were protracted in a degree astonishing to aged experience and profound medical skill; but were borne with a fortitude and patience that well accorded with the Christian harmony of her life. Never was a being more resigned; though repeated instances of severest trial called anew for the exercise of every feeling of fortitude and patience. When she first supposed herself dying, she said to me, "If I die, tell them (her husband, relatives and friends) I die perfectly happy." This I have reason to believe she said because some of her relatives who dislike our faith, had many times assured her that she would renounce her faith when death was near; and also to give a thought of pleasantness to her friends, as she expected she should expire without being able to converse, and would have them understand the emotions of her soul.

'Her severest sickness continued for about a week. She was then told by her physician that he thought

she could not live through the day. The pastor and wife were sent for; but the wife only was able to obey the call. To her she confided a most tender message to the children, expressive of her anxiety for their welfare, and a kind remembrance to a social society in which she was an officer, adding in her after conversation, her contentment and hope in the gospel. About this time she told one of her friends to inform a Calvinistic relative that she never felt more confidence in the doctrine she had long believed than then, and to assure her that her prophecies of her apostacy were vain.

'On the day previous to her death (Saturday) I visited her, and found her somewhat more easy than on the preceding evening. She expressed to me her longings to die, saying, "I never wanted any thing in my life so much as I want to die." And then in a moment she added; "To die is pleasant, I think." I remarked, that it is, if we look rightly on all things connected with it. She said it was thus that death was made pleasant to her. "I feel," said she, "that I could lay still and die without uttering one word. I long to die—it seems as if I could not wait my time." Desiring me to pray, I asked her if she had any thing in particular for which she wished me to pray? Never shall I forget the sweet placidness of her countenance as she summoned all her strength to command her trembling nerves, and uttered these words,—"Pray that my aged father and mother may be strengthened in the doctrine that sustains me; that my husband whom I must leave behind, may take good care of the children; that I may have strength given me to bear all that I *must* bear." After prayer, she spoke of the joy she had derived from sitting at her chamber window when she could not go out, and listening to the services of the sanctuary—her house being but a short distance from the church of her choice and love. The tones of the hymns of praise, the utterance of prayer, and the voice of the preacher, coming to her ear softened by

the distance, had a peculiar charm, and delicious was her enjoyment.

'She remarked that she had deeply desired all through her sickness to hear singing. She wished to renew those holy and happy hours. I invited several of her friends to visit her for the purpose of gratifying this desire. They went—and standing at the foot of the stairs that led to her room, sang,

"How cheering the thought that the spirits in bliss,
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this." &c.

and,

"Rise my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace," &c.

also,

"One there is above all others," &c.

together with several others. Her soul was delighted and elevated, and she expressed her deep pleasure with the service of song. When the friends were retiring, she desired they would come again and "Bring more"—"I want," said she, "to hear more such appropriate tunes and hymns." Her soul desired many voices and much of song to express its satisfaction in the hopes of the gospel. But she was not able again to hear earthly songs. She was soon to be enraptured with the harps of seraphim. She died without a struggle, her spirit reposing in the love of heaven.'

4. Instances are now cited where ministers of the gospel of universal grace and salvation, have departed this life under the cheering and sustaining influence of their faith.

The first which we have before us, is that of the excellent WINCHESTER, who preached the great doctrine of the Reconciliation, on both sides of the Atlantic; and whose zeal in the cause of his Master knew no abatement, while he was permitted to declare his message of love to dying men. The fol-

lowing account of Mr. Winchester's death, is from one of our periodicals.[1]

'Thus he continued preaching till about the first of April 1797, when he delivered a sermon under a strong impression that it was his last, from Paul's farewell address to the elders of the Ephesian church. He never entered his desk again. His death was fast approaching, and he contemplated it with serenity and joy. On the morning of his decease, he requested two or three young ladies who were sitting by him, to join in singing a hymn, observing at the same time that he might expire before it should be finished. He began with them; but his voice soon faltered, and the torpor of death fell upon him. They were disconcerted, and paused;—but he, reviving, encouraged them to proceed, and joined in the first line of each stanza, till he breathed no more. This was on the 18th of April 1797, in the 47th year of his age.

'His funeral was attended on the 21st, by a numerous concourse of afflicted friends and sympathizing spectators. The Rev. Dr. Strong preached the sermon, from Heb. ix. 27, in which, though an opposer of his sentiments, he gave Mr. Winchester an excellent character, and bore a frank testimony to his final constancy in the doctrine which he had preached.'

The hymn which Mr. W. desired should be sung at his bed-side, breathes the gospel spirit in its excellent simplicity. It is entitled the *Christian's Farewell, or Dying Saint's Song.* A few verses are here recorded.

"Adieu, to all things here below,
Vain world, I leave thy fleeting toys;
Adieu to sin, fear, pain and woe,
And welcome bright, eternal joys!

"Temptations, troubles, griefs, adieu,
Sorrows bedew my face no more;
I go to pleasures ever new,
Where toils, and strifes, and wars are o'er.

1 Universalist Magazine, Boston, 6th Vol. old series.

"Now I have done with earthly things,
And all to come is boundless bliss;
My eager spirit spreads her wings,
Jesus says, come; I answer, yes.

The last verse is truly eloquent.

"Eternity! transporting sound!
While God exists my heaven remains,
Fullness of joy that knows no bound,
Shall make my soul forget her pains."

Dr. Joseph Priestly, whose name in the theological and scientific world is too well known to render any special account of his history necessary here, died in Northumberland, Penn. Feb 6, 1804. The account of the death scene we have taken from the memoir of Priestly, by Rev. H. Ware, Jr. It is given in the words of Dr. Priestly's son.

'On Saturday, the 4th, my father got up for about an hour while his bed was made. He said he felt more comfortable in bed than up. He read a good deal, and looked over the first sheet of the third volume of the 'Notes,' that he might see how we were likely to go on with it; and having examined the Greek and Hebrew quotations, and finding them right, he said that he was satisfied we should finish the work very well. In the course of the day he expressed his gratitude in being permitted to die quietly in his family, without pain, with every convenience and comfort he could wish for. He dwelt upon the peculiarly happy situation in which it had pleased the Divine Being to place him in life; and the great advantage he had enjoyed in the acquaintance and friendship of some of the best and wisest men in the age in which he lived, and the satisfaction he derived from having led an useful as well as a happy life.

'On Sunday he was much weaker, and only sat up in an arm chair while his bed was made. He desired me to read to him the eleventh chapter of John. I was going on to read to the end of the chapter, but he stopped me at the forty-fifth verse. He dwelt for some time on the advantage he had derived from

reading the scriptures daily, and advised me to do the same; saying, that it would prove to me, as it had done to him, a source of the purest pleasure. He desired me to reach him a pamphlet which was at his bed's head, "Simpson on the Duration of Future Punishment." "It will be a source of satisfaction to you to read that pamphlet," said he, giving it to me; "it contains my sentiments, and a belief in them will be a support to you in the most trying circumstances, as it has been to me. *We shall all meet finally; we only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness.*" Upon Mr. —— coming into his room, he said, "You see, Sir, I am still living." Mr. —— observed, he would always live. "*Yes,*" said he, "*I believe I shall; and we shall all meet again in another and a better world.*" He said this with great animation, laying hold on Mr. ——'s hand in both of his.

'Before prayers he desired me to reach him three publications, about which he would give me some directions next morning. His weakness would not permit him to do it at that time.

'At prayers he had all the children brought to his bed-side as before. After prayers they wished him a good night, and were leaving the room. He desired them to stay, and spoke to them each separately. He exhorted them all to continue to love each other. "And you, little thing," speaking to Eliza, "remember the hymn you learned; 'Birds in their little nests agree,' &c. I am going to sleep as well as you: for death is only a good, long, sound sleep in the grave, and we shall all meet again." He congratulated us on the dispositions of our children; said it was a satisfaction to see them likely to turn out well; and continued for some time to express his confidence in a happy immortality, and a future state, which would afford us an ample field for the exercise of our faculties.

'On Monday morning, the sixth of February, af-

ter having lain perfectly still till four o'clock in the morning, he called to me, but in a fainter tone than usual, to give him some wine and tincture of bark. I asked him how he felt. He answered he had no pain, but appeared fainting away gradually. About an hour after, he asked me for some chicken broth, of which he took a tea-cup full. His pulse was quick, weak, and fluttering—his breathing, though easy, short. About 8 o'clock, he asked me to give him some egg and wine. After this he lay quite still till ten o'clock, when he desired me and Mr. Cooper to bring him the pamphlets we had looked out the evening before. He then dictated as clearly and distinctly as he had ever done in his life, the additions and alterations he wished to have made in each. Mr. Cooper took down the substance of what he said, which, when he had done, I read to him. He said Mr. Cooper had put it in his own language ; he wished it to be put in his. I then took a pen and ink to his bed-side. He then repeated over again, nearly word for word, what he had before said ; and when I had done, I read it over to him. He said, "That is right ; I have now done." About half an hour after, he desired, in a faint voice, that we would move him from the bed on which he lay, to a cot, that he might lie with his lower limbs horizontal, and his head upright. He died in about ten minutes after we had moved him, but breathed his last so easy, that neither myself or my wife, who were both sitting close to him, perceived it at the time. He had put his hand to his face, which prevented our observing it.'

Rev. John Murray, of Boston, Ms., so well known as the strong and successful defender of the gospel of unlimited grace, departed this life cheered in his last hours, during the intervals of returning reason, by the hopes of heaven and immortal blessedness ; and with the full assurance that all Adam's race shall see and rejoice in the salvation of God.

The following extracts including the death scene, are taken from chapter 8th of the 'Life of Murray.'

'Mr. Murray was fond of calling himself the Lord's prisoner; and he would add, I am, by consequence, a *prisoner of hope.* During his confinement many respectable gentlemen, clergymen in Boston, visited him. One or two repeated their visits, and they apparently regarded the now white-haired servant of God with kindness and respect. One clergyman questioned him respecting his then present views, wishing to ascertain if his faith were still in exercise, if he were willing to depart, "O yes, yes, yes," exclaimed the long-illumined Christian, "the glorious manifestations of divine love still brighten upon me. Right precious to my soul are the promises, the OATH OF JEHOVAH; and, sir, so far from shrinking from my approaching change, my only struggle is for patience to abide, until the time appointed for my emancipation. I would cultivate a humble, child-like resignation; but hope deferred, doth indeed too often make the heart sick." Another gentleman congratulated him on his apparent convalescence. "Oh! sir," he returned, "the voice of gladness suits not my present feelings; it is, as if, when I believed, I was voyaging to my native shores, where health, happiness, and peace awaited me, borne onwards by gales the most propitious, and supposing myself almost in the moment of obtaining the long desired haven, when suddenly driven back by some adverse circumstance, instead of being soothed by condolence, I am pierced to the soul by the discordant sounds of felicitations." Yet, we repeat, the revered teacher was in general astonishingly patient, resigned, and even cheerful. He was frequently heard to say, that he had experienced, in the course of his confinement, more of the abundant goodness of his God, than through the whole of his preceding life; and those, most conversant with him, could not forbear observing, that the protracted period which would in prospect have risen to the eye

with a most melancholy, if not terrific aspect, taken as a whole, exhibited the saint more equal, calm, and dignified, than any other six years of his existence. A respectable gentleman, not of his persuasion, but candid and benign, remarked, that his character was elevated to no common height; that his uncomplaining endurance of suffering, and the unwavering steadfastness of his faith, had stamped his testimony with the seal of integrity, and gave that confirmation to his confidence in his own views of sacred writ, which could not fail of rejoicing the hearts of his adherents.

'The chamber of adversity was occasionally illumined by the presence of a few fast *friends;* and ONE sympathizing, kind-hearted, affectionate brother was so uniform in his appearance, with the close of every week, that we might almost have designated the day, and the hour of the evening, by his approaches. Nor was the demise of his teacher the period of his kindness; his countenance, his aid, his commisseration, his society, were still loaned to the solitary, the bereaved family. Dear faithful man! May the rich blessings of Almighty God rest upon thee and thine, until thou hast finished thy mortal career, and mayest thou, in the regions of blessedness, renew, with thy beloved teacher, that friendship which, while tenanted in clay, thou hast so well known to appreciate.

'To three other gentlemen, *devoted adherents* to the lamented deceased, warm acknowledgments are, also, most righteously due. Their kind, and still continued attentions, are gratifying proof of their attachment to him, who was so dear to them, and gratitude hath, with mournful alacrity, reared her altars in the bosoms of the widow and the fatherless.

'Some strange occurrences were noted, which filled the heart of the venerable man of God with sorrow, unutterable sorrow. Every thing seemed to point homeward to the sky, and upon Lord's day morning, August twenty-seventh, one thousand eight hundred

and fifteen, at four o'clock, an especial summons was despatched by the Most High, to recall his long-tried servant; but alas! we did not recognize the messenger; we rather believed, that the circumstances, which marked the acknowledged change, would look with a friendly aspect upon the health of the beloved man, during the succeeding autumn and winter; but the honored sufferer himself, apparently better informed, anticipatingly observed—"Who knows, perhaps the liberating hour is at hand;" and his feelings were always elated or depressed, in exact proportion as the moment of his departure seemed to advance or recede. The progress of the new disease was astonishingly rapid. A physician was summoned, who permitted the indulgence of hope. On Tuesday, 29th, his complaints evidently abated, insomuch, that while the features of his strongly marked face expressed the deepest mortification, he tremulously exclaimed, "Am I then once more thrown back, the melancholy subject of alternate hope and fear?" On Wednesday, every symptom increased, he obtained little rest, and hope manifestly triumphed in his bosom. Another physician was called in, whose doubtful answers to proposed questions created much alarm. He seemed to consider nature as surrendering her offices. In the course of Thursday, 31st, he repeatedly and earnestly said, "I cannot be sufficiently thankful to God, my Savior, that I suffer no pain; either of body or mind." To a young and tenderly interesting friend, he smilingly observed, "I am hastening through the valley of the SHADOW of death, I am about to quit this distempered state; yet a little moment and I shall be received into the city of the living God, with the innumerable company of the apostles, and spirits of just men made perfect, and I shall continue forever in the presence of my divine Master."

'His family solicited his blessing. "You are blessed," he replied, "you are blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus; and, remember," he

added, fixing his dying eyes upon them, "remember, that, however tried in this world, there is another and better state of things; and that, although pierced in this vale of tears by the arrows of unkindness and ingratitude, there is One who loveth you, with an everlasting love, and who will never leave you nor forsake you."

'On Friday morning, September 1st, some expressions gave positive proof of his sanity; but as the day advanced, his derangement was supposed unquestionable, and from this hour, until Saturday evening, a little after sunset, he continued, with few intervals, incoherently repeating the most consolatory passages in the book of God. His right hand was constantly in motion, and when any one approached, whatever might be the question, the answer was ready. "To HIM," said the expiring christian, "*shall the gathering of the people be, and* HIS *rest shall be glorious, glorious, glorious.* I am blessed with all spiritual blessings, in Christ Jesus. Nor I alone, CHRIST JESUS *hath tasted death for every man,*" &c. &c. These God honoring, man-restoring truths, were audibly articulated, while voice and strength continued; and when speaking only in a whisper, to the listening ear applied to his moving lips, it was ascertained that the same consolatory assurances still dwelt upon his tongue.'

'Almost immediately after sunset on Saturday evening, he ceased to speak; his right hand no longer waved, and he continued in the same position in which his assistant had placed him, until 6 o'clock, Sabbath morning, Sept. 3, 1815, when he expired, in the 75th year of his age.'

REV. AMOS CRANDALL, of Brookline, Pa., died July 2, 1825, aged 35 years. From a faithful friend we have received the brief account of this minister of righteousness and truth. He had resided and labored for several years in B., and was highly esteemed as a man and a Christian. His labors

were almost unceasing. His preaching was well done and well received; the doctrines he advanced being so logically laid down and so clearly enforced, that they seldom failed to carry conviction to every unprejudiced mind. He was a pioneer, the first who gave the cause in which he labored a firm character and impulse in that region of Pennsylvania. He was much loved for his character and for his work's sake.

During a protracted and acute disease, he manifested wonderful fortitude and resignation. He was ever dwelling on the glorious promises on which his faith was based, and exhorting his brethren who came in to see him, to hold fast the doctrine they had espoused, and which now gave him unspeakable consolation in the prospect of approaching dissolution. A few days before his death, the nature and power of his disease deprived him of reason, so that little can be said of his very last moments; only that in every lucid interval he dwelt on the love of God in an emphatic and unwavering faith, though sometimes rather incoherently expressed.

Rev. Charles R. Marsh, of Brooklyn, Pa., died March 10, 1828, aged 26 years. The same friend who related the facts in regard to brother Crandall, has written as follows of the lamented subject of this notice. 'When I attempt to write or speak of this beloved brother, my heart is full—pardon my weakness, if such you are disposed to consider it. Br. Marsh seemed to lose sight of the things of this world for those riches of the gospel which the truth reveals. His whole soul and powers of mind and body were zealously devoted to the spread of the gospel, and the upbuilding of the cause which he had espoused. After the death of brother Crandall, a spiritual dearth seemed pervading this region—but Br. Marsh stepped in, and under the smiles of a benignant Providence, watered and nourished the tender vine, until it flourished beyond our most sanguine anticipations. His friends revered

and loved him perhaps too much—and even the enemies of his faith were constrained to speak well of and respect him. But alas ! in the midst of all this prosperity—in the bloom of his life and usefulness, it pleased Almighty God to remove him from us and take him unto himself. We murmur not, but still it seems we shall never recover from the shock. His disease was a quick consumption. For sometime he was fully aware of his delicate situation, but still would raise his then feeble voice to cheer on his brethren in the glorious cause of a world's salvation. And as his bodily strength failed, his mind seemed to soar and expand. I frequently conversed with him while confined, on the subject of his faith, and the prospects of his approaching dissolution—and he uniformly told me, that having time for serious reflection and self-examination during his lingering sickness, he became more and more confirmed (if possible) in his faith, and in the doctrine he had preached. To give you an idea of his composure and feelings in his last hours, permit me to rehearse some things that passed between us. About three weeks before his death, I had an urgent call to go and see an aged and sick father in Connecticut, before he died. I went to see my beloved Marsh, and take my leave of him before I started on my journey, as I feared I should never see him again. We talked freely on his case and prospects, as he had always strongly enjoined it on me to let him know what I thought of the progress of his disease, and to tell him frankly when I considered him dangerous or near his end. At this time I viewed him fast wasting away, and I candidly told him my opinion as he had requested. He met it with calmness and a smile, and said *he* was also sensible of his decay, and might possibly be gone before I returned. "But," said he, "you must and ought to go and see your father, yet I am sorry to have you gone, as I much want you here when I am taken away." He asked me how long I should probably be gone. I told him

about three weeks, and that I feared we should never meet again on the shores of mortality. He looked upon me with a most benignant smile, and said, "that if I was back in three weeks, he was *confident* that we should meet once more on earth," and added, "that soon after that period he should, probably, depart." He then conversed freely about his funeral, and told me where to lay him, and who to get to preach his funeral sermon, if no one happened here at the time—and also what he wanted done with what he might leave behind. And, lastly, when I came to take my leave of him, he pressed my hand and said—"I believe I shall see you on your return, but if I do not, we shall surely meet in heaven." I left him and pursued my journey and returned precisely at the end of three weeks. As soon as the family greetings were over, I went to see my beloved friend—and truly his predictions and prayers, as well as my own, were answered—for I had the unspeakable satisfaction to see and converse with him again on earth, and to receive his commands. He lived two days after my return, had his senses perfectly to the last—and continued rejoicing in the faith, and said he "was willing to obey the summons of his heavenly Father, whenever he saw fit to call him; that his consolation and hope were beyond this transitory scene and world." At last, with the smile of heaven on his countenance, he fell asleep without a groan or a struggle.'

Rev. John Bisbe, pastor of the First Universalist Society in Portland, Me., died March 8, 1829, aged 36. Mr. B. was a preacher of high reputation; and his loss was most deeply felt by the people of his charge. As he had been eloquent in life in the illustration and defence of the holy doctrine of impartial grace, he testified as impressively in death to its sufficiency and power. From his funeral sermon, preached by Rev. T. F. King, we take the following brief account of the closing scene.

'Throughout his sickness, though exercised at times with the most excruciating pains, he exhibited a lamb-like patience, and a Christian resignation to the will of his Father, God. At length, when convinced in his own judgment, that his life was rapidly hastening to a close, he, fearing that his companion might not be fully sensible of his situation, expressed a wish to speak with her alone. An affecting scene ensued. As our sister informed me, when she approached the bed of the dying saint, he took her hand, and gently pressing it, said, with a calm and dignified composure, "MERCY, I feel that I am going to leave you;" and then committing her to the protection of a benignant Providence, he bid her meet the event with the same calmness with which he had announced it. With the same collectedness he gave directions for the settlement of his temporal concerns. When his children were presented him, the dying father smiled upon them, and with a kiss, he bid the tender innocents an affectionate farewell, trusting that the same God who had been his protector, would preserve and bless them. He declared in the most unequivocal language, that he cherished the same religious sentiments, which, as a minister, he had labored to establish, and desired that this fact, together with his dying blessing, should be communicated to his church and congregation.'

REV. ISAIAH BOYNTON, died at Plymouth, Vt., Jan. 30, 1830, aged 28. His constitution, naturally slender, had become impaired in consequence of too much exposure in the duties of an itinerant. His last hours are thus spoken of in a letter from Rev. Warren Skinner of Cavendish, Vt., to the editor of the Boston Trumpet, dated Feb. 2, 1830.

'The day previous to his decease, I visited him; and although he was fully sensible that the moment of his dissolution was near at hand, he was as calm as though he had been in the enjoyment of perfect

health; and he conversed on the subject of his approaching departure from time to eternity with as much composure and freedom as would be exhibited in conversation on any other subject. He told me that as we should probably never meet again in this world, he wished me to consider what he said at that time as his dying language. He requested me to forward an account of his death for publication in the Trumpet; and enjoined it on me to publish to the world, that he died in the triumphs of that faith which had been his consolation and the ground of his hope in life; and which he had constantly proclaimed in his public labors. When asked by his father if the doctrine which he believed and preached to the world afforded him peace and hope in death, he replied, "It is the only thing that can give comfort in the dying hour." He desired me to say to his beloved brethren in the ministry, that he hoped they would persevere with faithfulness in the glorious cause in which they were engaged; and that their labors would be crowned with success. To his parents and other near relatives he repeatedly said, he wished none of them to mourn for him, as he felt assured he should meet them and all mankind in perfect and unending felicity. I parted with him a little before sunset on Friday evening; and a few minutes past one the next morning, he calmly closed his eyes in death. At his particular request I attended his funeral, and delivered a discourse from Luke ii. 29, 30. "Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Rev. John Freeman, of Hamilton, N. Y., died October, 1833, aged 33. An obituary notice of this worthy man was published in the Utica 'Magazine and Advocate,' by Rev. D. Skinner, from which we make this extract.

'With Br. Freeman we have been long and intimately acquainted. We knew him well before he

entered the ministry, and while yet a member of the Presbyterian church—we had witnessed the struggles in his mind in regard to that faith in which he had been educated, according to the traditions of men; and marked well the lighting up of that heavenly joy in his eye, and the fervor of devotion in that faithful voice, as he caught a full view of the boundless love of God as resulting in the final holiness and happiness of a sinful world. So full was his heart, so fervent his soul, so strong his faith, that he could not be denied the privilege of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ to the world. In despite of a want of education, a growing family to provide for, and a meagre fortune, he commenced the work of the ministry, a little more than four years since; and by close application to study, by untiring zeal and perseverance, his progress was rapid, almost beyond comparison or precedent. Possessing a fruitful imagination, a warm and philanthropic heart, a retentive memory and a strong mind, he succeeded in the ministry beyond all the expectations of his most sanguine friends. Of all subjects, to him the love of God was the most dear, the most inspiring. Here he seemed to be in his element, and to be divinely inspired with more than mortal energy and eloquence. Without saying aught to the disparagement of our many excellent preachers, we must be allowed to say, that of all the preachers we ever heard, Br. Freeman seemed to hold the most perfect command over his hearers—the effect of his sermons seemed absolutely electrical—the whole audience, as one soul, seemed wrapt in ecstacy, and lifted from earth to heaven, by the thrilling and overwhelming power of his eloquence and devotion. Under his preaching the hearer could never measure time, and a sermon of half an hour would seem less than five minutes long.

'He had recently returned from a journey to the East, undertaken mainly for the benefit of his health; and thinking his health somewhat improved, he

scarcely reached home (barely arriving on Saturday and preaching on Sunday) ere he left his residence again for the West, to attend the Cayuga Association at Genoa. Here (although able to preach the first day of the Association,) he was taken quite ill with a violent head-ache and strong affection of the nerves, insomuch that he was unable to endure the journey home, and remained about a week. After consulting a physician and taking some medicine, feeling, as he thought, a little better, and extremely anxious to reach home, he started on the following Wednesday, though still severely exercised with nervous head-ache and considerable fever, and wholly unfit for the journey, and reached home on Friday, much exhausted and in a very dangerous condition.

'Medical aid was immediately called, and ultimately a council of physicians was held, in reference to his case, but all to no effect. Possessed of a naturally feeble constitution, with great nervous weakness and irritability, with burning fever raging within, and more particularly affecting the brain, that part of the system being still more intimately connected with the nerves, his frail earthly tabernacle was gradually wasted and dissolved, and one of the loftiest minds and purest spirits with which we were ever permitted to hold converse on earth, took its departure for the unseen world.

'During most of the time after his return from Genoa, owing to the severity of pain in the head and the affection of the nervous system, his mind was either in a state of partial lethargy, or else floating as if in a sort of revery. There were, however, several lucid intervals, when he seemed perfectly composed, self-collected, conscious of his situation, and conversed with perfect ease and freedom. Death had no terrors to him—his faith was strong and unwavering—the great salvation was his theme in sickness as well as health—his mind seemed wholly absorbed in the great work of the ministry and plan of universal

reconciliation—and he was often heard, during his sickness, to break forth in devout thanksgiving, praise and prayer to God, always expressing the strongest confidence in his Maker's love—for this had been the most delightful theme of his ministry while in health.'

Rev. Winslow W. Wright, died at Weston, Vt., June 29, 1835, aged 27. He was a native of Boston, and was settled for a short time in Medford, Ms. A friend who published a short memoir of his life, informs us that his last discourse was preached after he was taken sick. 'Mr. Persons, the Congregationalist clergyman in Weston, was taken ill, and desired Mr. W. to preach for him if he was able. He preached in the morning from Matt. xxiii. 25, 26. It was his last discourse—as he was unable to preach in the afternoon. His performance gave a very general satisfaction, even to those of the opposite faith. The following week Mr. Persons called in, and requested him to read the sermon in his presence, as he had heard it much extolled. He did so. When he had finished, Mr. P. said he could give it his hearty Amen. From this circumstance, so trivial in itself, a report arose that Mr. W. renounced his religious sentiments before his death. This, however, was false. During his whole sickness, he often spoke of the unspeakable comfort he derived from the prospective view of a world's salvation by Jesus Christ. Even to the time of his death, he often repeated that his faith grew stronger and stronger. He possessed a strong desire to live, principally that he might be useful to his fellow men in spreading abroad the light of salvation. But his Father in whom he trusted, had otherwise determined.' Another friend writes: 'I saw him a day or two before his death, and had some conversation with him—although he was very feeble. His only desire to live was that he might preach the gospel. His mind was all absorbed in this theme. But he was resigned, if the Parent of all saw fit to

call him hence. In conversation with his companion, who questioned him in respect to his faith, he replied with a smile, "It grows stronger—stronger—stronger, every moment." On the day of his decease, and after he had become so much reduced that he could not speak aloud, when his friends came in to see him, he would fix his eyes upon them, and whisper, "happy! happy! happy!" His death scene was the triumph of the Christian.

Rev. William C. Hanscom, died at Cambridgeport, Ms., May 23, 1838, aged 22. At the time of his decease he was pastor of the First Universalist Society in Waltham. The following account of his last sickness and death, is taken from his 'Biography.'

'On Wednesday, after his last services at Waltham, he was seized with a violent pain in his right side. By kind care and medical treatment, he was somewhat relieved for a season; but he was failing. He left Waltham, to behold it no more—and returned to Cambridgeport. His journal of Sunday 14th, reads,—

'"Again I am away from my people, and confined to the sick room. I have spent the day in reading and reflection, enjoying much happiness of mind, but suffering from bodily pains."

'The next Saturday, 26th, he writes,—

'"For the most of the time, this week, I have been very feeble; apparently growing weaker and weaker. What is in reserve for me, God only knows. To his holy will may I ever be resigned."

'His last record bears date February 24th, and is written in a tremulous hand. It is as follows:—

'"My health through the week has been more feeble than for some days before. It has been with me a season of meditation, of serious reflection. I have been *thinking*. I have thought of my friends—of those I dearly love—of that beloved society with which I am connected—of the ties which bind me to

earth—of death, and the scenes which it will unfold. I have thought too of the gospel—of its glories—its prospects—and its advocates. O what mighty responsibilities rest upon them."

'For an account of the remainder of his life, and some incidents connected with it, we are indebted to a journal of visits kept by Rev. Thomas Whittemore, of Cambridgeport, near whose residence our young brother spent his last days. The journal is taken from the Funeral Sermon, published in the 'Trumpet' of June 9, 1838. We give it verbatim:—

'March 8th. Visited Br. Hanscom—found him still weaker. I have given up all hope of his recovery. His cough through the last night, he said, was almost incessant, scarcely giving him time, in the intervals, to gather up a little strength. He had only one object for which to live, viz. to labor in the cause of the gospel, especially in Waltham. He spoke with the most tender anxiety of his beloved flock there. "O that I could be with them; O that I could preach to them the tidings of redeeming love"—were his words.

'Wednesday, March 21st. Called on Br. Hanscom twice this day. He told me he had no doubt his death was fast approaching. He had passed a dreadful night—it seemed as though his coughing would tear him in pieces—he had the greatest difficulty of breathing. In the midst of this intense agony, his mind was at peace. How different from his body. "The spirit," he said, "was the tenant, the body the house, and O what a shattered house is mine—broken, racked and falling. But the tenant cannot die. It will be removed to a better habitation." He referred to some remarks he had made to his beloved Bible class in Waltham, on this subject. "We cannot see the spirit, but we know it inhabits the body. After death has taken place, we can see the body as before. The tenant has departed. The spirit cannot die." Such were his thoughts. He

was perfectly calm—more so than those with whom he conversed.

'"I have," said he, "made the arrangements for my funeral in my own mind. I shall try to write them. My friends in Waltham have expressed a wish that I should be buried there. If they have a desire to remove my dust to that place, it is my wish it should be done. I wish you (said he to me) to preach at my funeral, from the words of Paul, 2 Cor. v. 1: 'For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' It is a precious text. O with what confidence the apostle speaks. I have often thought of it—I have often dwelt upon it in my discourses."

'Thursday, April 12th. Visited Br. Hanscom this afternoon. This is the first day he has not been able to be dressed. He suffers great pain. His cough is incessant. His friends endeavored to remove him from the bed to his easy chair in the morning, but he fainted. He is suffering from a complication of diseases; and beside his disease at the lungs, he endures great agony from disease in another region. His mind is at rest on the subject of religion. "I have been," said he, "thinking of the three systems; and I find nothing lovely except in Universalism." On inquiring whether he meant by the three systems Calvinism, Arminianism, and Universalism? he said, "No. There is but little difference between Calvinism and Arminianism—they both embrace the awful doctrine of endless sin and misery. They are one in effect. I meant by the three systems, Endless Misery, Infidelity, and Universalism—there is nothing lovely except in the latter."

'Saturday, 14th. Br. Hanscom is very low—though in not quite so much pain as usual. Says he, "You are going to Waltham to-morrow—give my ove to all my friends. Tell them to continue faith-

ful. This is my wish, whether I live, or whether I die."

'Sunday evening, 15th. Found him sitting for a few moments in his chair; but he was shortly obliged to take his bed. He then spoke very freely to me on religious subjects. He said he was happy —he had peace within—he had not the least fear of death. Going to the grave, he said, was like going into a dark room, to lie down to sleep. He believed, and he could almost say with the apostle, he *knew* that he should awake in the Redeemer's likeness. "O how much comfort," said he, "have I taken in preaching the gospel. I loved the work. If I have done any good, to God be the praise. Perhaps I have injured my health, for I never could preach without earnestness. But I do not regret it. My poor shattered body is but the earthly house in decay. The immortal tenant is about to remove to a better house, a heavenly house, a house not made with hands. No, I do not regret my exertions. I desire to live only to preach the gospel; but, if God says, Your work is done, I submit to his holy will. All is right—that is my confidence." After a few moments respite, he spoke freely, in his wonted strain, of the importance of zeal, and piety among Universalists. "We should all have more zeal, more love of the cause, more love of meetings for prayer and praise."

'Friday, May 11th. I proposed to him the following questions: "Are you happy in your mind?" "Perfectly." "It is said, Universalism fails us in the hour of sickness." He replied, "I know, from my own experience, the falsity of this statement. I believe as firmly as ever—I have no doubt. My faith is not in the least changed. My heart and soul are at peace. Could I live, I should preach more earnestly than ever. I have nothing to regret in my short ministry, except that I have done so little in preaching what I have believed to be the truth. I now see the importance of energy, of more energy,

faithfulness and devotion to the cause. Tell all the brethren from me to persevere."

'On Sunday, 20th, it became manifest his deliverance was near; and most ardently did he pant for that hour. It was with the greatest difficulty he could breathe at all—the pain in his breast was almost insupportable—and it was necessary to change his position every few moments to give him slight relief. On Monday afternoon, I was at his bed-side. He probably supposed himself dying. His eyes were intently gazing upward, his lips were moving, and by applying my ear, I recognized these words—'I am going home to my Father in heaven—*my* home—*my heavenly home*—I am happy." . . . Again, in a few moments, "How sweet 't would be to die;" . . . and after a brief silence he faintly whispered—

> 'While on his breast I lean my head,
> And breathe my life out sweetly there.' "

'He continued to sink away until Wednesday. In the morning of this day he was able to converse a few moments with the writer, on the disposal of his manuscripts. One of his friends from Waltham, and one from Newmarket called in, and took their leave of him. A few moments past twelve he fell asleep.'

Rev. Thomas F. King, pastor of the First Universalist Society of Charlestown, Ms., died Sept. 13, 1839. He was one of the truly excellent—whether we speak of him as a man or a Christian. He was cut down in the prime of manhood, in the midst of usefulness. Yet in his death we have a bright witness of the strength of that holy truth, which, when in life and health he proclaimed to others. During all his sickness, this truth cheered him—nor for one moment was he troubled with spiritual darkness or doubt. During an interview with him a short time previous to his death, he remarked to the writer, "I have had not a cloud in this chamber since I have been here. All is bright!" Others

of his ministering brethren and anxious friends were permitted to bear testimony to his Christian resignation and joy in view of his departure. Rev. S. Streeter, of Boston, his intimate friend, who preached the funeral sermon, has kindly furnished us with the following interesting account.

'On visiting him some few days before his death, I perceived that a very alarming change had taken place. His flesh and strength were surprisingly wasted ; his countenance was pale and ghastly ; and his full, expressive eye was sunken in its socket, and marked by extreme languor. It had lost its natural expression. The kindling sprightliness and vigor with which it was wont to beam, when it met the gaze of an esteemed and long-cherished friend, were no longer there. It was evident that the hand of death was upon him, and that this unsparing waster of human life was rapidly doing its work. I therefore, purposely gave the conversation such a turn as would naturally direct attention to his own case. I told him he had altered much, since my last interview with him ; that he was really a very sick man ; and asked him, if he still had hopes of recovery? He replied, and without the least apparent emotion, that, now and then, the possibility of such an event passed across his mind ; but when he reflected seriously upon his case, he had little, if any hope of getting well. "I am fully aware of my situation," he continued ; "but, blessed be God, I am resigned to his will, and happy, perfectly so." I remarked that, to one, like himself, in the meridian of life and of usefulness, and surrounded by a wife and children, not very amply provided with the means of worldly subsistence, it required a great effort to become willing to die, and leave them in their helplessness ; and that, to make the best of it, it was a hard and painful duty. He said he knew it was ; but still its performance was not impossible. "I have often," said he, "in the course of my ministry, been called to visit families, where the husband and father was in a

condition similar to my own; and I directed his wife and children to put their trust in the Lord, assuring them that he would provide for them and protect them. I believed he would do so. I have, again and again, seen these things done; and now I enjoy the consolation which I have so repeatedly tendered to others. I have resigned my family into the hands of God; and I believe he will take good care of them. I cannot see exactly how this will be done, nor is it necessary that I should. The Lord knoweth, and that is enough."

The next day, as I entered his chamber, he fixed his eyes steadily and wishfully upon me, as though he wanted to say something; but had lost the power of speech. After a short pause, however, he tremulously stretched forth his attenuated hand, and firmly grasping mine, said, "My brother, I am glad to see you. I am in a heavenly frame of mind. I feel as though I were all intellect. The room seems all around," casting a wondering glance in different directions, "to be full of spirituality! But in a little while, all will be spirituality. There will be nothing else. God will be all in all."

On another occasion, after the utterance of several broken and incoherent sentences, he exclaimed, in a rather confused, but audible tone of voice, "Receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls He that believeth—he that believeth—he that believeth shall be saved! I believe—you believe,—all will eventually believe. The gospel I have preached is true. The Bible is true. Brother Ballou's writings are true. Brother Balfour's writings are true."

The next time I saw him, and the last, while he could speak, it was very obvious that the balance of his mind had given way; that reason had, partially at least, deserted its throne. Still, devout thoughts upon divine subjects, had become so engrossingly a habit with this devoted servant of Christ, that his mind and heart continued firmly to maintain their

hold upon the work and glorious hopes of the Christian ministry. After a wandering glance of his eyes around the room, he closed them, apparently with the deepest devotion, and, lifting both his hands in the most reverent and solemn manner, one peculiar to himself, for no one could fully imitate it, he exclaimed in a fervid and loud voice, "There is great preaching here to-day; there is great preaching here to-day." Then, after pausing a few moments, during which he seemed to be earnestly engaged in prayer, or in listening to a prayer by some one else, he brought his hands together; and, in a full and thrillingly devotional tone of his powerful and charming voice, exclaimed, "Amen. Glory to God. Glory to God; glory, glory, glory, glory," his voice becoming fainter and fainter at each repetition of this, with him, especially, favorite exclamation, till the last was uttered in a whisper so low as barely to be heard. These were the last words which fell, in my hearing, from the lips of this beloved, honored, faithful saint of God.

After this, however, a venerable brother, who was supplying his pulpit for a few Sabbaths, asked him if he had any special message which he wished to have delivered to his parishioners? He answered, "Yes. Tell them that the gospel I have preached to them is the truth of God, and that I have but one sermon more to deliver to them, and that is, the testimony of a confiding and cheerful resignation to the will of heaven on the approach of death." '

Rev. William H. Jolley, died in Belpre, Ohio, September 1839. He was one of the most aged and respected preachers of the Reconciliation in the Western states. As his life had been devoted to the gospel, he was blessed with its rich consolations in the hour of death. He stated to his medical attendants that he "feared not to die; that he feared no consequences after death." He said he desired to live for his family and the church of God,

yet he was willing to go if Providence required his departure. After gathering his family around his bed, he said, "I shall meet you in heaven," and exhorted them to hold to the faith of universal salvation above every other consideration ; to be religious, and to love piety for its own sake. What is remarkable, he continued preaching and debating to his last hour. The happy smile of joy and love sat on his countenance till his last breath, and after his death it was not erased.'

Rev. Aaron Leland Balch, of Swanzey, Ms., died Nov. 4, 1839, aged 37. At the time of his decease, he was pastor of the Universalist Societies in Fall River and Swanzey. The interesting account of the closing scene which follows, we find in a pamphlet published by his brother Rev W. S. Balch, of Providence, R. I. Seldom have we heard of a death scene where more of the composure and confidence of gospel faith were witnessed.

'He was taken ill on Friday, October 25th, with a severe cold, but was able to be out on Saturday and Sunday. With great exertion he went through with the morning service at Fall River, where it was his turn to preach ; but finding himself much exhausted, he returned home at noon and took his room. He continued very sick until Friday night, when his disease evidently came to a crisis. Learning that a council of physicians had been sent for, he remarked to his physician and attendants, "Then you consider my case doubtful. Well, I don't know but my time has come. I have two lovely boys, a mother, and two sisters in the other world, and I know not why I should not be willing to leave this and go to them, if God so wills."

'When his brother visited him the next day, he said to him, "I had a hard time last night. There was one while they thought it nearly over with me ; but I felt very happy and willing to go. I think now I shall recover, but I don't know. It seems as if

there was some more work for me to do. I will endeavor to be reconciled to God, to live or die, as He deems it best."

'He remained over Sunday and till Monday morning, composed, and apparently as comfortable as on Saturday, though evidently no better. In the course of the forenoon he grew suddenly worse, and his symptoms were such that his physician and friends despaired of his recovery, or continuance for many hours. At this time he seemed to be in a hurry to have every thing done for him quickly which was to be done. He appeared to have an impression that some new mode of treatment was to be adopted, which would relieve him, and that his brother would prescribe it. A little past 2 o'clock, he said to him in a hurried and anxious manner, "William, why do you not begin to do what you intend to? Do what you think best; no matter what the physicians say. I will submit to it cheerfully." His brother, in tears, replied, "Leland, we have done for you all we know what to do. We feel that you have but a few hours to remain with us. God only can restore you." He heard this with the most perfect composure; and smiling said, "Then it is all over with me, and I have only to die—to go home."

'He remained tranquil, and as if in deep thought for some time, when, looking up, he saw Captain Burr, a leading member in the Society, who had just arrived. "I see there," said he, "an old father from North Swanzey. Come here, father Burr, and put your face down to mine. Let me put my arms around your neck and kiss you." He did so, and said, "There, it does me good to see these old fathers in the faith and to embrace them."

'After a little repose, he said, "I want you to fix me up in the bed so I can lay easy. I may want to talk some before I go." He was placed in as comfortable a position as possible; when he said, "now open that door and stand back from the bed that I may have the good air. When I speak to you I

want you to come to this side of the bed that I may see you and take hold of your hands. I do not want you to crowd around the bed, nor talk much to me."

'He then called to him his wife and said, "Eliza, come and receive my dying blessing." As she approached the bed, drenched in tears, she exclaimed, "How can I have it so?" Taking her hand he calmly and affectionately said, "Woman, be still, and bow in submission to that Providence which is laying its hand heavily upon thee, in removing from thee the partner it had given thee for life. How good and how faithful a partner he has been to you, you know and the world knows,—how good and how faithful he would have been to you, had his life been spared, HE only knows to whom I am going. You will find many friends to comfort you and to assist you in settling up my little affairs. Try and be happy, and enjoy what little is left you. It is but little, but God will send you friends and provide you means." Afterwards he called her to him again and said, "Eliza, Captain Burr says, he will make you his daughter. Don't weep. Remember, that to be a Christian you must be a philosopher."

'He next called to him his little son. "Leland, my little boy, your father is going to die and leave you. But you will always have a Father in heaven. You must be a good boy, and obey your mother. You must be good to your friends, and have no naughty ways. Take good care of your globes;" alluding to to a handsome pair of small globes he had purchased for his first son.

'He then called to him a small girl which was bound to him by indenture; "Annis Pickernell, you are bound to me by the laws of the State of New Hampshire, to be mine during your minority. So long as you live with Mrs. Balch, you must mind her, and always be a good girl."

'He then spoke to his brother's wife. "Adaline, farewell, you have always loved as a sister. You

will be to Eliza a sister still, and do what you can for her, to advise her, and make her happy."

'A little agitated, he addressed his brother ; "Dear William, my brother, my more than brother, my pastor ; farewell. You are younger in years, but older in the ministry than myself. We have loved and been happy together. I want you to see to Eliza and Leland. You can't do much for them, but advise them. I know you will be kind to them and take care of them. Farewell."

'To Mr. Case, a young man who had attended him through his sickness, he said, "My young friend you have been very good to me, you have done well, all you could do. Heaven will reward you."

'To Mr. Hathaway, a leading member in the Fall River Society, he said, "Brother Hathaway, farewell. You have done nobly in Fall River. You are a small but devoted band. Don't be discouraged by this ; but go on and prosper. You and Brother Lincoln are young, but you can build up the cause, and it will triumph."

'He said to Mr. Howard, "Friend Howard, you have been to me a faithful friend. You came to me when I first came here, and assisted me in setting up my little effects. You have been good to me ever since. Heaven will reward you ; farewell."

'To Dr. Brown, his physician, he said, "You have been very faithful to me and done all you could : but I must die. You believe in the final restitution of all things. We are brothers in affliction. We have both lost children, but our faith can make us happy."

'He said to Esq. Gray, "You believe in Universal Salvation. You can do much to build up the cause and make it prosper."

'Seeing a man whose name he did not recollect, he said, "I see there a brother. I don't recollect his name, will some one tell me ?—O ! Brother Buffington, you believe as I do. You must stand fast and help build up the cause."

'He afterwards addressed all the brethren in general terms and exhorted them, saying, "Feed the flock. Feed the flock in Fall River. Feed the flock in Dighton. Feed the flock in Warren. Build up the cause. Do not be discouraged at my loss, but go on and prosper."

'He said to Mrs. Chase, 'You have been very kind to us since we have lived in your house. Farewell."

'Mistaking Mrs. Stebbins for Mrs. Winslow, a Methodist sister, he said to her, "You do not believe as I do; but we are Christians, and I hope we shall be happy together."

'Then looking around the room, having addressed all, he said, "Now I die happy, and without the slightest doubt but I shall be happy hereafter; and with the fullest confidence of the final holiness and happiness of all mankind. And I wish that all of other denominations were present. I want to tell them how fully I believe in Universal Salvation."

After resting some time, being exhausted from his exertion in speaking so long and distinctly, he recited with great clearness and emphasis, as if by himself, the following beautiful verse:

"If that high world, which lies beyond
Our own, surviving love endears;
If there the cherished heart be fond,
The eye the same, except in tears—
How welcome those untrodden spheres!
How sweet *this very hour* to die!
To soar from earth, and find all fears
Lost in thy light—Eternity!"

'His brother said to him, "You have addressed us all who are present. What shall I say for you to father?" "Oh said he, starting up, "I am the first son he has ever lost." Then sinking away as if overcome, he said, "Tell tell him his son dies full in the faith of the salvation of all men through Jesus Christ."

'A little while after, he desired the windows to be thrown open. The setting sun shone full upon them. "Oh," said he, "that is a beautiful sun; I shall

not see it again ; but I shall soon see a brighter Sun which shall never set."

'He then tried to sing, but at first could not think of the words. Said he, "What is it ? It is hymn 117, in Streeter's collection." While they were getting the book he began and sung, very correctly, several lines of the hymn which begins,

"Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,"

but in the second verse his voice faltered, and his strength gave way entirely. A few moments after, he revived, and tried to sing from the hymn he had chosen, but he was not able. He said, "Is not there somebody here that can sing that hymn ?" Singers were sent for, but before they arrived it was too late. They were too much overcome by the solemn scene to sing. Arousing a little, he said, "It grows very dark. I cannot see—(it was not yet quite sunset,) I am going—Farewell."

'He spoke no more, though he evidently retained his senses some longer. After lingering some minutes he raised his left hand and smoothed the features of his face, composing them in the form of death ; then let his hand drop upon the other which lay upon his breast, and in a few moments, just as the sun, on a beautiful November evening was sinking behind the western hills, he breathed back his spirit to Him that gave it."

Mr. J. D. Nichols, of New Bedford, who was present at the death of Mr. Balch, in giving a description of it from which much of the foregoing was extracted, says—

'As it is, I do not feel at liberty to withhold such an account as I may be able to give (meagre and imperfect as it must necessarily be) of that scene which was so infinitely above the description of the ablest writer. Of the great moral grandeur of the scene—of the lofty sublimity which was thrown over it by the calm and holy composure of the dying man, I

shall say nothing. The powers of language would be all unequal to such a task.

> 'For what can idle *words* avail
> Unless the *heart itself* could speak.' "

NOTE.—The statement is not unfrequently made, that Universalism is *renounced* on the death-bed. It will be seen that in some of the instances already cited, this doctrine was *embraced* in the last hours of life by those who had never before professed belief therein. The candid reader is requested to let this fact have its due weight in his mind.

Chapter VI.

THE TRIUMPH.

'Bow down, O Death! from thy pale steed bow!
For a stronger, a mightier lives than thou!
He hath broken thy bands at a single breath:
Bow down to thy victor, O Death, king Death!'
Mrs. Sawyer.

While the deeply important subject of man's destiny is before us, it may be profitable to consult the thoughts of others who have entertained Christian hope of triumph over death, and the enjoyment of immortal blessedness in the future existence. We shall present testimony of which we can most readily avail ourselves, from Christian professors of various sects, whether believers in or rejectors of the great doctrine of Universal Salvation. The sentiments will be found so truly rational and Christian in spirit, that we can cheerfully receive and offer them for the comfort and consolation of others.

A distinguished author makes the following statement concerning *death as an essential part of the Divine plan.* His main idea is truth.

'It has been always, since the days of Adam, an essential part of the Divine plan as to mankind, that all who are born shall die. This was made, from the beginning, a fundamental law, as soon as our first parents showed that both themselves and their descendants would not submit to be trained and taught by their Divine Preceptor. Certain, by this decision, and by acting as they chose, in disregard and disobedience to him, that they would not spontaneously become, as he desired, such improved, and ad-

mirable, and congenial beings as he meant to immortalize, he ordained that their existence on the earth on which he placed them should not be perpetual. The operation which we call death was appointed to terminate, in all, the temporary connection of their intellectual soul with its earth-formed body, and to remove the living principle elsewhere. Death is, therefore, as inseparable from birth as that is from marriage; all three are original and essential parts of our system of human nature in its present residence. Neither occurs without the other; each is alike important—each has been adapted to the other. Death is, therefore, one of the primitive laws of our life on earth, and of the organic constitution of our frame. Our body is so made that it must die, as it is at present composed, and as its functions are arranged. No art or means can prevent its dissolution, or the departure of its animating spirit, when the agencies occur that are to effectuate the change. Violence may accelerate the time, which skill may a while protect, but nothing on earth can eventually avert it.

'If death had not been made a part of the present economy of our being, the system of our births could not be what it is; nor could mankind be either what they have been or what they are. Every portion of human life; all its movements and institutions; all its laws, polities, habits, and occupations, have become what they are under the influence and from the effects of the certain and unceasing occurrence of our individual mortality. Take away death from the world, and the whole framework, spirit, view, and operations of human society must be altered. Its present form and establishment would not suit an immortal population, nor would have proceeded from never-dying beings. Let us, then, consider the laws of death as original principles of the earthly system of human nature.'[1]

1 Turner's Sacred History, Vol. 3, p. 112, 113.

That *infinite wisdom designed life and death for man*, is well considered in an extract from a sermon recently published.

'Respecting our mortal state, let us ask whether we can find any reason for supposing that this state of man, in any sense, owes its constitution to man's wisdom, purpose, or agency? In the histories of our race of beings we have accounts of many wise men who have lived in different ages. But is there the least reason for supposing that our mortal existence was the contrivance of the wisdom of any one, or of all these wise men? To this query we shall find but one answer. Every one knows, as well as anything can be known, that man's wisdom never contrived the mortal constitution of man. As human wisdom did not contrive the plan of our bodily organization, no more does this constitution owe its existence to any human power acting in obedience to man's will or wisdom. The wisest and most skilful man who ever lived could do no more to organize a single member of the human body than the most ignorant and unskilful. Could all the wisdom and knowledge of all the wise and knowing in all ages be concentrated in an individual, this wonderfully gifted person could neither contrive nor execute the organization of the human eye, nor any other member of the human body. All this we know as matter of fact. We know, also, that man must have existed before he could have contrived or executed any thing; and, therefore, could not have contrived his own existence, nor could he, before he existed, do any thing to bring himself into being. As neither the wisdom, the will, nor the agency of man had any thing to do in producing his mortal state, no more had he any desire or wish to have such a state of being. It is in itself evident that man was not consulted on the question, whether he would exist or not, nor could he have had it submitted to him, whether the state of existence, into which he should be brought, should be a mortal state or an immortal one. We know

that no man ever came into this mortal state because he willed to come; nor does any man possess a single faculty or sense because it was his choice. Our whole mortal race owes itself to the wisdom, will, and agency of the Creator.

'As the question whether man should exist or not was not submitted to him, no more is it left to him to say whether he will continue in this state forever, or depart out of it. "All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass; the grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away." So hath the Creator appointed and ordained; and it is not in the power of man to prevent this withering of the grass, and this falling of the flower of grass. However endearing are the ties of consanguinity, however tender and affectionate are kindred hearts towards each other, with whatever longings and fond desires fathers and mothers may look on their sons and daughters, and with whatever devotion they may nourish these flowers and watch over them, they are altogether like the grass and the flower of grass. They are perishable. It is not in the power of children, however affectionately they may love their fathers and mothers, and however they may desire the continuance of such kind friends, to prevent that waste of constitution and strength which time and disease are sure to bring. The whitened locks, the wrinkled face, the tottering frame, the palsied limbs and faltering voice, are sure indications that the time of departure is at hand.

'How wonderfully beautiful is the full grown grass, with its blushing and fragrant flowers! We cast our eyes over the luxuriant meadow; with pleasure we behold its beautiful flowers, seeming to vie with each other in glory; and though we may fancy a preference for this or for that, no person ever beheld a blossom that was not beautiful to the eye. So we behold the society of man in health and in the prime of strength; and how pleasing is the sight! Look at those sweet babes! we may fancy a prefer-

ence for the beauty of this, or that; but no one can help admiring every such endearing object. Look around, and behold the sparkling eye and blushing cheek of youth and beauty; but remember these are flowers gathered for the tomb! Whether we see them or not, time has wings; whether we realize it or not, his flight is rapid. What is time when it is past? Nothing. In a few more days, and brief days, too, it will be said of us all who are here now, they are gone to the silent abodes of death; the places which have known them will know them no more forever.

'Will it be asked, if all these things are certain? if they are unavoidable? why need we be reminded of them? why should we ponder them in our minds? Many good reasons might be assigned, but we will now mention but three. By duly considering the certainty of our approaching dissolution, and the fact that we know not how soon we may be called away from those we love on earth, and from all earthly possessions and enjoyments, we shall be impressed with the propriety and reasonableness of being vigilant in doing all we can for the benefit of our connections and society, as we have but a little time in which we can contribute to their benefit. Also, a due consideration of these facts will tend to give us a sense of the true value of this world's goods, and the propriety of keeping our interests in a state of readiness to fall into the hands of others as we should wish. And, moreover, such consideration will show us the need we stand in of having our affections placed on an interest, "an inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us."

'We have seen that our text embraces not only the mortal state of man, but the immortal also. "The word of the Lord endureth forever; and this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." St. Paul says, "there is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, the first man

Adam was made a living soul, the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

'Corresponding with our inquiries respecting the wisdom, the will, and the agency by which our mortal state was designed and organized, we shall now ask the question, whether we have any more to do in designing, planning, or organizing the immortal state than we had in planning, designing or organizing our mortal constitution? What has all the wisdom, or knowledge, or skill, or agency of man ever done, or what can they ever do, to give to mankind a future existence? Four hundred years before the Christian era, Socrates believed, and taught the belief in a future state of existence; but what had his wisdom or philosophy to do in constituting such a state? One thousand four hundred and ninety one years before the birth of Jesus Christ, the Lord said unto Moses, "I am the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob," signifying thereby, according to the teaching of Jesus, the truth of man's future existence, and that, to God, these patriarchs were alive. But had Moses any agency in planning or contriving that state of immortality thus indicated? Surely he had not. Nor has any man since Moses or before him, had any thing to do to give to dying man a future life. That wisdom and power which planned and executed the wondrous frame of the universe, and ordained the course of nature, which, also, gave man the mysterious existence which he has in this mortal state, have, also, designed and ordained our future state; and this state of futurity, in all respects, as much depends on the

Creator of all things, as do the sun, the moon, or the stars. Life and immortality are brought to light through the gospel; but life and immortality were ordained and appointed unto man from the foundation of the world.'[1]

In agreement with these views of infinite wisdom, we find the beautiful effusion of Addison, on *the perpetual progress of the spirit.*

'How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection which he can never pass. In a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of further enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of the Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish in her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

'A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits post to make room for him:—

> Heir urges on his predecessor heir
> Like wave impelling wave.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider

1 Sermon delivered before the Second Universalist Society in Boston, March 3, 1839. By Rev. H. Ballou.

in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk worm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as a nursery for the next? and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity.

'There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength; to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity, that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself to see his creation forever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him by greater degrees of resemblance.

'Methinks this single consideration of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now ap-

pears as a god to a human soul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human soul shall be as perfect as he himself now is; nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as she now falls short of it. It is true the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows how high soever the station is, of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

'With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection? We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The soul considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness?'[1]

On *the gospel doctrine of immortality*, the extract which follows, from the heart and pen of an eloquent writer, speaks clearly and powerfully to the mind.

'The gospel reveals news of peculiar description. Much intelligence may be communicated that is new, good and joyful, and yet fall infinitely short of being the gospel of the Son of God. That intelligence, which by way of distinction, is denominated GOOD NEWS OF GREAT JOY, has relation to one point, in the great system of revelation, which ought to be fully understood. It is the annunciation of great and infinitely interesting TRUTH; immediately connected with which, are a variety of circumstances, depending on it, for their relative use and impor-

[1] Spectator, Vol. 2.

tance. It is the grand centre to which they all converge; the focus where they meet and harmonize, reflecting on a world the light and radiance of heaven. *The declaration of life and immortality is the* TRUTH *to which we allude.* It is the doctrine of the Son of God, the Savior of the world, announcing the certainty of our future, conscious, blissful and continued existence, beyond the grave. This we declare to be intelligence, incomparable and glorious, and never safely asserted, but in connection with the *mediation of the Redeemer of sinners.* Jesus is the only name under heaven, through whom this marvellous truth can be proclaimed. Conceited mortals may boast of individual possession of an immortal principle which bids defiance to dissolution; but it is no less useful than humiliating to consider that the acknowledgment of that would by no means evince the doctrine of individual, happy and perpetual existence. According to that hypothesis, the immortal principle existed in eternity, *before time with us*, without personal consciousness; and it may also exist to eternity, after we leave the world in the same unconscious situation. As the body returns to the earth, and is, as it was, before its organization, so the spirit may return to God and remain forever without personal existence. Being an emanation from the eternal source of life, it may again mingle in the boundless splendor of immortality, or, like a particle of water from an immeasurable fountain, be received to its capacious bosom, and lost in the ocean from which it was exhaled. From this mode of reasoning we arrive at no fairer conclusions, that we shall possess a susceptibility for happiness and glory in futurity, than that we were thus susceptible in all past eternity. The evidence goes too far, and therefore gives no support to the hypothesis.

'From the volume of nature no adequate evidence can be adduced, to produce conviction in the doctrine of life and immortality.

'The history of man, conducts us all finally to the

same home, and leaves a world to slumber, in the regions of the dead. One generation after another rises in regular succession, crowding the former off the stage, as though to exhibit their part in the strange and changeful drama of life. Not a solitary individual re-enters the world's theatre. All alike take their exit, and are unknown beneath the sun forever. Go to yonder grave yard, where mortals slumber in the arms of death, and learn the only language of the tomb, the epitaph—declaration that they *once lived.* Lettered stones and monuments are more instructive than the once living thousands whose memory they preserve from oblivion. All beside them is still as the chambers of eternal silence. No lingering spirits hover around their mouldering relics, whispering the intelligence of their present existence. Speechless is the gentle breeze that fans the verdant covering of the departed hero, philosopher, astronomer, theologian. The country for which they seem to embark, returns us no intelligence of their safe arrival. By the light of nature we follow them to the verge of time, and standing on the shore of a vast ocean, with exquisite anxiety we gaze till the last dreadful struggle is over, and we see them sink in the fathomless abyss. We feel not our own feet sliding from the precarious bank on which we stand, and but a few suns more and we shall be whelmed midst death's awful waves. The empire of the destroying angel is universal, including all nations, kindreds and tongues of the earth. He wields his bloody sceptre from north to south, from east to west; and at his command, nobles, princes, and monarchs bow to the dust. Statesmen, whose fame has been wafted to the four quarters of the wide world; orators, that have united the language of earth and heaven; conquerors, decked with proud laurels plucked from the fields of war; and all the dread tyrants, whose flinty compassions could never melt, while an individual remained unloaded with chains of despotism, alike submit to the

dominions of death; and in the sleep of the tomb, exhibit the emblem of perfect equality, with the unnumbered multitude, whose *interests, feelings, liberties* and *lives* had been but toys and baubles in their hands. Cold are the lips, motionless the tongues, withered are the laurels and nerveless the arms, in the dominion of death. Universal, irreparable and eternal are the devastations of death, while man is unblest with the gospel.

'The light, how glorious, then, which shines in the region of futurity. How gladdening the rays of hope, beaming on the mind's eye from beyond the dark billows of that Jordan. Hail, ye heralds of heaven, proclaiming the intelligence of the abolition of death and the redemption of a world. On the wing of inspiration we are borne back to the birth of time, when light first dawned in the wide and fathomless chaos, and man emerged from nonentity to the enjoyment of percipient, rational, active existence; and borne on the same pinions we fly forward, till time itself rests on the bosom of eternity, and all men awake from the slumbers of death, immortal in their existence and happy in their sphere, as the God whose impression they bear. O, how transcendantly glorious is the doctrine of the cross? Whose heart will not expand with rapture and gratitude, as we contemplate the glories of the risen Redeemer? The life of the world did not see corruption, and the Prince of Peace was not left in the grave. It was not for himself alone he arose from the *night of existence*, bursting the bands of the universal destroyer, and triumphing over all which bears the name of death. He had no separate interest, in leading the mighty conqueror, a captive at his car. He rises! and hell trembles, earth rejoices, and shouts of triumph, reverberate in heaven. He is the head of every man. If he arose not, there is no resurrection of the dead, and in this life, we have our only hope! But if the head arose, not all the powers of earth and hades can retain his members in their dusty beds.

'At the sound of the last trump they will awake, and like a man rising from profound sleep, start into a new and perpetual state of being, to the enjoyment of life and immortality brought to light through the gospel, and the bliss of each individual be a branch of the great vine of eternal life. Who then will abandon the hopes of immortality, the light of the gospel, for the fantasies of human learning and the scintillations of philosophy? What reader will stop his ears to the songs of angels, and sullenly anticipate the eternal silence in the tomb of annihilation? If to believe in the doctrine of Christ, be a delusion, O, how glorious! Who would not prefer a fiction, that holds up a burning lamp to cheer the future world, rather than a reality, fraught with darkness —destructive of the momentary joys of the present life, and for immortal glory, presenting the awful, and frightful substitute of a BLAMELESS ETERNITY.

'But, adored be God, the gospel is not a fiction; it is not a delusion. It is based on the immutable promises of God. It reveals truth coeval with the purpose of heaven. The herald of eternal Peace was ordained above the clouds, and under the commission and seal of Omnipotence, proclaimed glad tidings of great joy for all people, peace on earth, good will toward men. This declaration was the voice of him, whose benevolence is broader than the earth and his mercy higher than the heavens. The salvation by the gospel is as universal as the devastations of sin and death, and eternal as the pleasure of God. To every fallen creature in the wide world, it brings life and immortality. Through God's tender mercy whereby we have already been visited by the day spring from on high, we look for a crown, incorruptible and undefiled, and which fadeth not away.'[1]

Another Christian writer has thus expressed his thoughts on *the Christian's victory over death.* They are truly excellent and inspiring.

1 Rev. R. Streeter.

'The victory, which God has given us over death, is illustrated by St. Paul in one of the most interesting and impressive chapters in New Testament. He insists on the fact of our Lord's real and literal resurrection; and, infers from it, the final and literal resurrection of all mankind. He defends and illustrates the subject as a fundamental doctrine of the gospel.

'In considering some of the means, by which God gives us this victory, we may remark,

'1. That he has provided for it in the original constitution of the human mind, by enabling us to find support and constancy, under the pressure of present evil, in our anticipations of future good.

'The mere fact of our immortality could do nothing, of course, to sustain us in the hour of death, unless it were revealed; and even if it were revealed, it would still be to no purpose, unless our minds were capable of appreciating and applying the doctrine. It is not enough, that we believe in the abstract doctrine of a future state. We must be able, in some sense, to make this future state present to us, and enter upon it, as it were, by anticipation, so that what we hope, may sustain us under what we endure. A wise and merciful Creator has provided for this, in the original constitution of man; a principle, which we continually see operating, even in the affairs of this world, to soothe the pains and lighten the burdens of human life. We not only hope for good to come, but this hope enables us to enter on the actual enjoyment of this good, as it were, by anticipation. We hope to meet a friend, and this hope brings up the image of our friend; and we feel, for the moment, as if he were before us, and the thought is attended with something of the joy of the real meeting. I verily believe, that but for this power, which God has given us, to borrow from the future, the troubles of life would be insupportable.

'What is it that cheers the toil of the indefatigable student, but the hope of the knowledge and dis-

tinction his acquirements will give him, and which he already begins to enjoy by anticipation ? What is it, that braces the nerves of the sick man to submit with such firmness to the severest and most painful remedies, but the hope of returning health, which he already begins to enjoy by anticipation ? What is it, that keeps up the spirits of the weary traveller, when he considers the fatigues and dangers of the way that separates him from his home, but the thought of that home and its delights, which he already begins to enjoy by anticipation ? And so it is with the pilgrim of eternity. Oh ! it is a glorious prerogative of man, that his immortal part can go out from amidst the circumstances of gloom and sorrow, by which the mortal is encompassed and oppressed, and live in other scenes. The soul of the dying Christian is not dying with his body ; but is back, in memory, among the happy scenes of a well spent life ; or is mingling in affectionate embraces with the friends it is to leave ; or has already entered, by anticipation, on the joys of heaven. The valley of the shadow of death is before him ; but before his feet have begun to descend, his mind has crossed it, and is living and rejoicing in fields of perpetual verdure and brightness, that have met his vision, and stretch interminably beyond.

'2. Another means, by which God has given us the victory over death, is by inspiring us with entire confidence in the wisdom and goodness of his dispensations.

'In this respect our heavenly Father has proceeded as any other parent would in regard to his children. He has taken measures to deserve and obtain our entire confidence. Without this confidence in him personally, of course, we could have none in his promises, or in the Scriptures, which contain those promises. We pause, then, and ponder on the ways of God, from which, alone, we are to infer his character ; and we find them every where marked, and strongly marked, by an essential and inexhaustible

benignity. Nay, we find, that a principal reason why we do not make more of his blessings, is, that they are so common; and a principal reason, why we make so much of his judgments is, that they are so rare. Evil, to be sure, is sometimes incident to the arrangements and organizations, which God has made in the constitution of nature. But in no one instance can it be shown to be the ultimate object of such arrangements and organizations; while, on the other hand, good can be shown to be the ultimate object in instances without number. Besides, when the evil comes, even with our very limited experience and observation, we can almost always see, that it tends to some good result, and is necessary to our final happiness; and, of course, instead of being an objection to the divine benevolence, it is another indication of it. And what though, in a few cases, we may be unable to discern the object of a painful and afflictive dispensation? Is it at all wonderful, that the creatures of a day, to whom the simplest events in nature are so many miracles, is it all wonderful, that we should be unable, at times, to fathom the purposes of infinite wisdom? And at such times, is it too much to expect of us, that we should show an implicit confidence in a Being, who certainly can have no motive to give us unnecessary pain, and who has proved himself, in so many ways, our friend and benefactor?

'We are ready enough to put the same sort of confidence in our fellow men, as far as their power extends. If an approved physician prescribes a painful and apparently dangerous remedy, we do not hesitate to apply it, though unable, ourselves, to discern any good purpose it can answer; because, we say, that this is a subject, on which the physician is much better qualified to judge than we are. Bewildered and lost in the passes and defiles of a mountainous country, we procure a guide, who leads us on through by-ways and dark passages, that seem but to involve us more and more. Sill, we do not

hesitate to follow him, because we say that this is a subject, on which the guide must know much more than we can. To be sure, the power of man stops at the grave, and we cannot, therefore, trust him to deliver us from that. But we can trust the Almighty ; for the dead, as well as the living, are in his hands. The last words of the dying believer will be : "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

'3. Again, God gives us the victory over death, by leading us to take proper views of the nature and purpose of death itself.

'Physically speaking, there seems to be no reason to suppose death so great an evil, as our imaginations are wont to make it. A person, who recovers from an acute disease, probably suffers much more from that disease, than he would have done, if he had died. Many die without any signs of pain at all, as if falling into a swoon, or deep sleep. Nay, in some diseases, ease and insensibility are reckoned the most fatal symptoms ; and the approach of death is known, not by an increase, but by a total cessation of pain.

'What is there, then, in being dead, from which an enlightened Christian should shrink? Man is created with powers and capacities capable of unlimited expansion and improvement ; and, for wise reasons, is set to begin an endless career of advancement in a lower state of being than that on which he is afterwards to live, and act ; just as a child is set to learn his first lessons in an inferior school, and is afterwards taken out of that school, and placed in a higher. Destined, therefore, to live and act in a higher state of being than the present, there must of course come a time when we shall pass into it ; there must come a moment of transition, and this moment of transition is what we call death. It is not extinction, or suffering, or punishment ; but transition merely. Death is merely a transition from one mode of existence to another. It is the mortal putting on the im-

mortal. This to the Christian, we should think, would be an object of desire, of sincere and heart-felt desire, and not of terror and dread. If it should be objected, that no one can know what awaits himself or his friends, after death, it is enough to say in reply, that we do not know what awaits us before death. If we continue to live in this world, it must depend on the mercy of God, whether we are happy or miserable ; or if we die, we have but to confide in that same mercy. There is no extravagance, therefore, in what the apostle has said : "We that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened ; not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

'4. Lastly, we are expressly taught, that God gives us this victory over death, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

'This is true in several respects. In the first place, because, though many wise and good Jews and heathens held to the principles we have advanced, it was merely as matter of speculation, or at best, of conjecture and hope; and it is only through our Lord Jesus Christ, that we know them on the authority of an accredited and inspired teacher. Secondly, by our Lord's own resurrection, he has given assurance, an earnest, as it were, the evidence of example and fact, for the final resurrection of all mankind. This was necessary. For after all that reason could do, there was something so strange, and startling, and contrary to the report of our senses, and all experience, in this doctrine of a resurrection, that we needed the evidence of example and fact, to remove all feeling of its impossibility and incongruity ; and give us, instead of the faint hope of the deist, a living and practical conviction. Thirdly, through the religion, which our Lord has given us, he would lead us on, to those higher attainments and exercises in virtue and piety, which, by the effect they have on the temper, never fail to inspire an unwavering confidence in God, and the final and happy issue of all his dis-

pensations. Our victory over death depends on the moral and religious proficiency we have made ; and this again, depends on the instructions and motives set before us by our Lord Jesus Christ ; and of course, it is through him, that we conquer. Lastly, our Lord may be said to have purchased us, as it were, by the sacrifices he has made on our account ; and by the character, he still bears, as our intercessor and advocate with the Father. This removes the only remaining objection, which the good man, conscious of his imperfections, might otherwise feel to going alone and unsupported into the presence of a Being, whom all have offended ; before whom, even the angels are not pure. Trusting in what his Savior has done for him, and in the power of his intercession, the grave has no terrors for the sincere and devout Christian ; his triumph, his victory is complete.

How great and constant should be our gratitude to God for this victory, which he has given us over the last, most dreaded, and worst-looking of our foes. Let us cherish and cultivate an undoubting faith in those hopes and expectations of another life, which alone can deliver from that spiritual bondage, which the fear of death inspires. Let us guard against, and repel all temptations to scepticism on this subject, as we would guard against, and repel temptations to sin, or self-destruction. Above all, let us form and accustom ourselves to holiness ; for when the Scriptures say, that without holiness, we cannot see the Lord, they mean, not only that we shall not see him hereafter, but that we cannot see him here ; and our troubles will unman and overwhelm us, unless we can see, in the hand that afflicts us, the hand of a Father. When called to do it, in the Providence of God, let us follow our friends with a pious and unwavering trust, to those peaceful abodes where the dead sleep, yielding them up, without a repining thought, into the hands of Him, who has been pleased to make the grave the gate of heaven. Perhaps our loss has been great, peculiarly great ; but then it

is the measure, and nothing but the measure, of the blessing we have had. In the midst of our sorrow, therefore, let us not forget devoutly to thank God, not indeed that we have lost such a friend, but that 'we have had such a friend to lose.' And when our own frames are sinking under age or infirmity, may our spirits be sustained by that noble confidence, of which the apostle speaks: 'Therefore, we are always confident, knowing that whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.'[1]

On the sublime and glorious doctrine of *the Resurrection* we have the descriptive language of the author of the 'Great Teacher,' a distinguished divine of the English church. No Christian reader can give attention to it without emotion.

'Dense as the gloom is which hangs over the mouth of the sepulchre, it is the spot, above all others, where the gospel, if it enters, shines and triumphs. In the busy sphere of life and health, it encounters an active antagonist; the world confronts it, aims to obscure its glories, to deny its claims, to drown its voice, to dispute its progress, to drive it from the ground it occupies. But from the mouth of the grave the world retires; it shrinks from the contest there; it leaves a clear and open space in which the gospel can assert its claims, and unveil its glories without opposition or fear. There the infidel and the worldling look anxiously around, but the world has left them helpless and fled. There the Christian looks around, and lo the angel of mercy is standing close by his side. The gospel kindles a torch, which not only irradiates the valley of the shadow of death, but throws a radiance into the world beyond, and reveals it peopled with the sainted spirits of those who have died in Jesus. It descends with us into the low chambers of the grave; bids us look on its silent inmates; and to look on them with the persuasion that they only sleep.

1 Rev. J. A. Walker.

It assures us that death, like sleep, is not the destruction of living principle, but only a temporary change in the mode of its operation; that, like sleep, it is a state of rest, discharging us from all the concerns of the world; that, like sleep, it principally affects the body, the activity of the soul being meantime continued, and perhaps greatly increased; and, most of all, that, like sleep, it will not be perpetual, but only endure for a night. It tells us that a day will dawn on the world, when Jesus, assuming an aspect of infinite benignity, will say, in effect, of all his sleeping saints, as he said of Lazarus, 'I go to awake them out of sleep.'

O how vast the immortal awakening! Who can lift his mind to the greatness of the occasion! Where is the height from which we can command a view of the sublime spectacle? In prospect of it, 'Jesus said, The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' As the first fruits of them that sleep, he has arisen and appeared before God, the certain pledge of the great harvest home. 'Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: multitudes, multitudes, in the valley of decision.' The wide earth shall 'stand thick,' and wave, with that ocean plenitude of life. The produce of the fields every year is a renewed triumph of life over death; but the triumph of life on that day will be final and complete, leaving not an atom for which death can contend. It will be a triumph of the highest order, consisting, not in the mere creation of new being, but in the release and reanimation of what had been dragged away from the territories of life; death itself will be turned into life, corruption will put on incorruption. The triumph will be enhanced by the circumstance that it will be achieved on the very spot where death had reigned; if the power of death be confined to this world, what an opprobrium must earth be to all the regions of life, and how naturally may it be pointed at by their inhabi-

tants as the mysterious sepulchre of life, the dishonor of the universe; but the morning of the resurrection will wipe off that disgrace, will make earth their boast and song; for, 'there, they will be able to say, there death was overthrown; there the great antagonist of life, after wasting the earth for thousands of years, and threatening to push the conquest into other worlds, was expelled from the universe as an evil no longer to be borne. And from that very scene where death once reigned, heaven has received its largest influx of spiritual and immortal life.' And to consummate the triumph, life on that day will be crowned with immortality; it will not merely be restored, but ennobled, exalted to the highest state of security and glory it can sustain. From the ruinous heap of every grave, a living structure shall arise, built up into an imperishable monument of 'the Resurrection and the Life;' in the stead of corruption, it shall be inaccessible to decay; 'for neither can they die any more, they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection.' Instead of the dishonor, it will be raised in glory, radiating a splendor which shall eclipse all sublunary glory. In the place of weakness, it shall be clothed with the vigor of immortal youth, asking no relaxation or repose, the wings of the soul accompanying and aiding it in all its untiring flights. In the place of a natural body, it shall be raised a spiritual body; the original grossness of its materiality shall be purged away, it shall be refined and etherialized into spirit, a robe of light rivaling the invisible essence of the soul itself; while each of its senses form an inlet to floods of enjoyment, and each of its organs be instinct and emulous with zeal for the divine glory.

Earth has been often the scene of splendid triumphs, the fame of which has filled the world, and reverberated from age to age: but how tame, how trifling the greatest achievements of man compared with this! a triumph which not only effaces the re-

membrance of all that man has done, but even eclipses the glory of the divine exploits; 'the former things shall no more come into remembrance.' Here man may indulge in wonder without loss of dignity; not to be astonished here would be unnatural! Christ himself is represented, ages before his incarnation, as contemplating this scene with boundless delight, as rehearsing his victory over death from eternity. From the bosom of the Father he looked on through the vista of time, while the successive parts of his great work passed in slow and stately procession, till he beheld the scene of the rising dead; all the intermediate ages instantly vanished; he saw in anticipation, the king of terrors disarmed beneath his feet, the world flooded with light and life, the song of myriads of myriads reached his ear, shouting his name as their Great Deliverer; and, with holy impatience to realize the scene, he exclaimed, 'I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death; O death, I will be thy plagues! O grave, I will be thy destruction!' And during the interval till he came in the flesh, did his interest in the prospect appear to have evaporated? What truth did he more frequently or solemnly teach? Thrice, in rapid succession, he exclaimed, 'I will raise them up at the last day;' as if he sought to find, in the bare repetition of the truth, a solace and compensation for deferring the event. Nor, since his ascension, does his desire to realize it appear to have suffered the least abatement. On the contrary, 'from henceforth he is expecting' till this last enemy shall be destroyed. When last he appeared before his church, to close the visions of futurity, the character which he selected for the occasion, was, 'he that hath the keys of the invisible world, and of death.' This is the capacity in which he will next greet the eyes of the redeemed; meanwhile, he is training them to raise, in concert with himself, this shout over the last of their foes, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'[1]

1 Rev. John Harris.

The truth concerning *heaven as the final home of all men*, is thus beautifully set forth by another.

'1. Heaven is a house not made with hands. In examining the works of God, we see them characterized by infinite wisdom, unbounded goodness, and almighty power. Look at the earth. How ample in extent! How diversified in riches and beauty! How perfect in all its arrangements! Look at the solar system! what wisdom, and might, and goodness does it exhibit! Look also, at the countless systems of worlds which revolve in the measureless regions of space, and which are loaded with plenty, clothed in beauty, and teeming with all that is rich and grand!

'Such then are God's works. What, therefore, will be that house, not made with hands? Eye hath not seen; ear hath not heard; neither hath it entered into the heart of man, to conceive! Of this, however, we may rest assured, it is a place comporting with divine wisdom, goodness and power. It is enough, therefore, to say—"We have a house not made with hands—a city whose builder is God."

'2. Heaven is eternal. Every thing in this world is fading and transitory. Look at the mightiest works of art and strength; the temples, and towers and palaces of the old world. They are crumbling to dust; their deep foundations are giving way. How many cities, that were once "lighted up with beauty, adorned with all that labor and taste could bestow," and surrounded with all the fortifications that genius and strength could supply, are now "buried in their own ruins, and mocked by their own desolations." Where are Bozrah, Petra and Babylon? Alas! they have become the abode of the cormorant and the bittern, and the owl!

'If we turn from the works of man to man himself, we shall find, that he is the creature of a day; that all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof as the flower of the field. To-day we may look upon a family where all is hilarity and joy, health and

gladness, and to-morrow we may see the angel of death trampling with haughty indifference upon its pride and hope ! It matters not how fondly we may love our companions and friends, or how ardently we may cling to them ; when death comes they must go. A secret disease, a sickly wind passing "silent and noiseless," may tear from us every earthly friend, with scarcely a moment's premonition !

'Thus on earth there is nothing certain. Neither health nor friends, riches nor learning, love nor hope can give us any surety of life. Decay is written upon every thing beneath the sun. In heaven it is the reverse. There every thing is eternal—joy is eternal, youth is eternal, health eternal, and life eternal. Hence we are said to "have an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved for us in heaven."

'Now how does it embitter the enjoyments of this world to know, that they are limited. Look for instance at the family, which, after a long series of years, and numerous struggles and trials, have been permitted once more to meet in health and prosperity. Parents greet their children ; and brothers and sisters embrace each other in love. O the joy, the thrilling joy of that meeting. But there is one unhappy reflection—the meeting is for a day. After a few happy hours, they must part ; parents must hear the painful adieu, brothers and sisters must separate, and separate with the reflection, that ere they return again, some one may have gone down to the grave, or their honored parents may sleep in death. It will not be thus when we meet in heaven. Our union there will be eternal. Husbands and wives ; parents and children ; brothers and sisters will there meet to part no more forever. It is this that gives to heaven its great worth. This is one of the chief sources of its joys.

'3. Heaven is the final home of all men. We gather this idea from various portions of Scripture. Thus Isaiah says, "And he will destroy in this mountain

the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it."—Isai. xxv. 7, 8. He also says, "The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—Isai. xxxv. 10. Daniel says, "And the kingdom, and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the most High; whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him." Daniel vii. 27. The reader will notice with care the expressions here used. Tears shall be wiped from all faces. Death shall be swallowed up in victory. The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion; that is, all men shall come to Zion; for Jesus gave himself a ransom for all. "All dominions shall serve and obey him."

'Unless we are right in these views, how can heaven be the abode of happiness to any? If my friends are not to be in heaven with me, how can I be perfectly happy there? Heaven is no heaven, if parents are there separated from their children.

'Suppose yourselves, in a stormy night, comfortably seated by a cheerful fire, in your dwelling situated by the sea shore. All are at home, but one hardy son, that has gone down upon the ocean. As storm howls to storm, and thunder answers to thunder, and wave after wave furiously dashes against the shore near your dwelling, you fancy between the intervals of these conflicting sounds, you hear the cry of distress. You listen—the voice rises higher and higher above the noise of the angry waves, as though a last fatal struggle were being made to summon assistance. The voice is recognized; it is that of your son, just returning from sea. His bark has been dashed

upon the rocks, and he is hanging upon the heaving wreck. Now could you sit there, and hear unmoved those cries for help? You know, my friends, the thing is impossible. How then can you stand and look over the battlements of heaven, down to the regions of infinite wo, and behold your children there, and yet be happy? I say, therefore, heaven must be the final home of all men, or it is not a place of happiness, of supreme happiness. Such are the ties that bind us to each other; such is our interest in each other's welfare, that we must all at last be one in heaven, or one in hell.

'The Scriptures fully sustain me in these views. They teach that there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance. According to this the conversion of sinners is an event that increases the joy of heaven; and consequently, its joy cannot be full, until the last sinner is brought home rejoicing.

'Now what more cheering prospect could the soul have than that here unfolded? A house not made with hands—a house eternal in the heavens—a house which is the final home of all men—it is all the soul can ask; it is all an infinite God can give.'[1]

Let us hear an opinion as to the *practical influence of faith in our immortality*. We have the following to the purpose.

'The doctrine of a future state is not a mere speculative proposition to serve as a subject of metaphysical investigation, or to be admitted merely to complete a system of philosophical or theological belief. It is a truth of the highest *practical importance*, which ought to be interwoven with the whole train of our thoughts and actions. Yet how many are there, even of those who bear the Christian name, who are incessantly engaged in boisterous disputes respecting the nature of *faith*, who have never felt the influence of that faith which is "the confident

1 Rev. O. A. Skinner.

expectation of things hoped for, and the conviction of things which are not seen," and which realizes to the mind, as if actually present, the glories of the invisible world ! If we really believe the doctrine of immortality, it will manifest itself in our thoughts, affections, and pursuits. *It will lead us to form a just estimate of the value of all earthly enjoyments.* For, in the light of eternity, all the secular pursuits in which men now engage, appear but as vanity, and all the dazzling objects which fascinate their eyes, as fleeting shadows. A realizing view of an eternal state dissipates the illusion which the eye of sense throws over the pageantry and the splendors of this world, and teaches us that all is transitory and fading, and that our most exquisite earthly enjoyments will ere long be snatched from our embrace. For, not a single mark of our sublunary honors, not a single farthing of our boasted treasures, not a single trace of our splendid possessions, nor a single line of the beauty of our persons, can be carried along with us to the regions beyond the grave. *It will stimulate us to set our affections on things above, and to indulge in heavenly contemplations.* "Where our treasure is, there will our hearts be also." Rising superior to the delights of sense, and to the narrow boundaries of time, we will expatiate at large in those boundless regions which eye hath not seen, and contemplate, in the light of reason and of revelation, those scenes of felicity and grandeur, which will burst upon the disembodied spirit when it has dropped its earthly tabernacle in the dust. Like Seneca, when he contemplated, in imagination, the magnitude and beauty of the orbs of heaven, we will look down, with a noble indifference, on the earth as a scarcely distinguishable atom, and say, "Is it to this little spot that the great designs and vast desires of men are confined ? Is it for this there is such disturbance of nations, so much carnage, and so many ruinous wars ? O folly of deceived men ! to imagine great kingdoms in the compass of an atom, to raise armies to

divide a *point* of earth with their swords ? It is just as if the *ants* should divide their mole-hills into provinces, and conceive a field to be several kingdoms, and fiercely contend to enlarge their borders, and celebrate a triumph in gaining a foot of earth, as a new province to their empire." In the light of heaven all sublunary glories fade away, and the mind is refined and ennobled, when, with the eye of faith, it penetrates within the veil, and descries the splendors of the heaven of heavens.'[1]

We have one more extract—beautiful in its Christian simplicity as any thing of the kind we have ever seen. It is entitled *Heaven's Attractions ;* and is from the pen of the late Rev. Dr. Nevins of Baltimore. No mind, cheered with gospel hope, and influenced by gospel love, can read it without responding to the sentiments contained therein a willing and true Amen.

'I wonder we are not more interested in heaven. I wonder we are not more drawn to it. If our bodies must gravitate, yet should our souls ? It is not the nature of spirit to sink and seek the earth, but to soar and sail aloft. Especially is this true of that spirit which has been born of the Spirit. Surely they who are risen with Christ, should seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God.

'I have been thinking of the attractions of heaven —what there is in heaven to draw souls to it. I thought of *the place.* Heaven *has* place. Christ says to his disciples, "I go to prepare a place for you." It is a part of the consolation with which he comforts them, that heaven is a place, and not a mere state. What a place it must be ! Selected out of all the locations of the universe—the chosen spot of space. We see, even on earth, places of great beauty, and we can conceive of spots far more delightful than any we see. But what comparison can these

1 Rev. T. Dick.

bear to heaven, where every thing exceeds whatever eye has seen or imagination conceived ?

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'Then I thought of the freedom of the place from the evils of earth. Not only what *is* in heaven should attract us to it, but what is *not* there. And what is not there ? There is no *night* there. Who does not want to go where no night is ? No night—no *natural* night—none of its darkness, its damps, its dreariness—and no *moral* night—no ignorance—no error—no misery—no sin. These all belong to the night ; and there is no night in heaven. And why no night there ? What shines there so perpetually ? It is not any natural luminary. It is a *moral* radiance that lights up heaven. "The glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." No need have they of other light. This shines every where, and on all. All light is sweet, but no light is like this.

'And not only no night there, but "no more *curse.*" Christ redeemed them from the curse of the law, being made a curse for them. And "no more *death.*" The last enemy is overcome at last. Each, as he enters the place, shouts victoriously, "O death —O grave !" "Neither *sorrow.*" It is *here.* Oh yes. It *is* here—around, within. We hear it ; we see it ; and at length we feel it. But it is not there. "Nor *crying*"—no expression of grief. "Neither shall there be any more *pain ;* for the former things have passed away." And what becomes of *tears ?* Are they left to dry up ? Nay, God wipes them away. And this is a sure sign they never will return. What shall cause weeping, when He wipes away tears ?

'I have not said that there is no *sin* in heaven. I have not thought that necessary. If sin was there, night would be there, and the curse, and death, and all other evils—the train of sin. These are not there. Therefore sin is not. No, "we shall be like him ; for we shall see him as he is."

'What *is* there, since these are not? *Day* is there —and there is the *blessing*, that maketh rich—and there is *life*, immortality—and since no sorrow, *joy* —"fulness of joy—joy unspeakable"—and *smiles* where tears were—and there they *rest*, not from their labors only, but from cares, and doubts, and fears. And *glory* is there, an exceeding and eternal weight.

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'Is that all? Where is he who used to lisp "father, mother,"—thy child? Passing out of your hands, passed he not into those of Jesus? Yes, you suffered him. If any other than Jesus had said, "Suffer them to come unto me," you would have said, no. Death does not quench those recently struck sparks of intelligence. Jesus is not going to lose one of those little brilliants. All shall be in his crown.

'Perhaps thou hast a brother, or a sister there. That should draw you towards heaven,—perhaps a *mother*—she whose eye wept while it watched over thee, until at length it grew dim, and closed. Took she not in her cold hand thine, while yet her heart was warm, and said she not, "I am going to Jesus. Follow me there?" Perhaps one nearer, dearer than child, than brother, than mother—the nearest, dearest is there. Shall I say who? Christian female, thy husband. Christian father, the young mother of thy babes. *He* is not. *She* is not; for God took them. Has heaven no attractions?

'Heaven is gaining in attractions every day. True, the principal attractions continue the same. But the lesser ones multiply. Some have attractions there now, which they had not but a few months ago. Earth is losing. But earth's losses are heaven's gains. They who have left so many dwelling places of earth desolate, have gone to their Father's house in heaven. What if they shall not return to us? We shall go to them. That is better.

'But the principal attractions I have not yet men-

tioned. There is our Father—our heavenly Father, whom we have so often addressed as such in prayer. He that nourished and brought us up, and has borne us on. He that has watched over us with an eye that never sleeps, and provided for us with a hand that never tires; and who can pity too. We have never seen our heavenly Father. But there he reveals himself. There he smiles; and the nations of the saved walk in the light of his countenance.

'And there is he, to depart and be with whom Paul desired, as being far better than to live. There is his glorified humanity. If not having seen, we love him, and in him, though now we see him not, yet believing we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, what will be the love and the joy, when "we shall see him as he is." There is He.

'Heaven *has* attractions—many, and strong—and yet who would think it? How few feel and obey the heavenly attraction! How much more powerfully earth acts upon us! How unwilling we are to leave it, even for heaven!'

CONCLUSION.

We have considered death; we have inquired of reason and revelation concerning the future life; we have had set before us the gospel hope of the resurrection; and have witnessed its power in the scene of mortal dissolution;—a power which dispels fear, and lights up the spirit with the joy of heaven. We have contrasted the faith and hope of the gospel with other views of death and the existence beyond it; and find that they are not to be compared for excellency to the infinite fulness of that redemption, which is proclaimed in him who is 'the resurrection and the life;' whose word of holy truth comes to us in the authority of heaven, saying, 'He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live

again ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.'

This is the triumph—of life over death, joy over sorrow, holiness over sin, everlasting light and glory over the darkness and corruption of the grave ! And what gives this triumph ? Christian faith ? Having this—the words of the Savior are fully realized—'He that believeth shall never die.' Not that such are exempt from the death of the body ; as this event in the true and wise order of Providence, happeneth alike unto all. But faith permits no death. It is not death, such as others realize, for the Christian to leave this world for the future. That which is called death, is but his entrance into a higher and more godlike existence. He dies in form, but not in power. Death hath not dominion over him. He bids it defiance through Christ who strengtheneth him—and is not the vanquished, but the victor.

A beautiful illustration of our idea is given by another[1]—and which here follows :—'It is our Lord Jesus Christ, who, having himself gained, now giveth us the victory. We are conquerors, and more than conquerors, through him that loved us. *He* putteth the palm in our hands. A multitude which no man can number, have, through him, triumphed over death. I was witness to one of these victories the other day. There was no conflict in the case—death made no show of resistance. He just gave up at once. He did not even look formidably. The victor, in this instance, remembered Calvary ; and death also seemed to remember it. He has never recovered his spirits since that conflict, so fatal to him. He never will. Death is abolished to him that believeth in Jesus. That which remains is not worthy the name of death. Death is dark ; but the scene I witnessed was bright, above the splendors of the mid-day sun. I asked the victor) I

1 Rev. Dr. Nevins' Memoirs and Remains. N. Y. Ed. 1837, p. 351.

will not say victim) if it was bright to him. He said, in effect—'bright as light could make it.' Death is frightful. But here was no fear—'None at all,' he said. His countenance had told me that before. He was young—he had much to live for, and a few weeks before he had fondly loved life. But the love of life went with the fear of death. By nature he loved life; by grace he loved life eternal. It was the love of life, even of immortality, that made him willing to die. He loved LIFE too well to *live*.

'Death is sorrowful. But there was no sorrow here, except in those who stood around. 'This is the happiest moment I ever experienced,' he said to me; and, certainly, his looks never before expressed such happiness. He realized the wish of the Persian poet; and he smiled while all around him wept. In short, death, in this case, not only suffered a defeat, but was swallowed up in victory, so that I saw nothing of it. And how came it to pass? I have already intimated. Was this a victory of nature? No. Was it a triumph of philosophy? No. It was an achievement of grace. Nature tamely succumbs to death. Philosophy submits with calmness to the inevitable decree. It is only Christianity which overcomes. I asked the young man if Christ was now precious—'Oh yes!—He is everything—MY ALL—was his reply. I said, 'Is he not enough?' 'All-sufficient,' he replied, 'I need nothing more.'

Such is the Christian's triumph. A firm reliance on God, through Jesus Christ, the victor over death,—in the promises of immortality given in the divine word, will cause the spirit as the sands of earthly life run low, to look upward, and behold its redemption, and 'rejoice in the Lord and in the power of his might.' This is what the soul needs and desires; and without which, it faints and sinks in sullen gloom or agonizing despair. And our Father has wisely given to us in the revelation of his truth, such assurances of the future existence, as lead us to view our mortal dissolution as one of the necessary incidents

in the order of his government; and the tomb as the opened gate to infinite beatitude.

What then is more needed among men, in view of the perishable nature of earthly things, and the certainty of the death of the whole race of man, than the knowledge of that truth which assures of universal immortality; which declares that instead of annihilation or endless anguish and sin—life, advancement, holiness, uninterrupted joy shall be given to us? The answer is ready. Man needs this truth. It should be preached, promulgated, believed, felt and loved;—and then, instead of the awful darkness now brooding over the grave, as thousands view it; instead of those appalling facts which we have seen, or of which we have heard in sadness, in relation to death scenes of those who knew not of any resurrection, or else only that which would perpetuate a misery as inexplicable as unutterable; we should hear of departures where faith and hope in the UNIVERSAL REDEMPTION, caused the spirit to exult in the very agonies of the deathstrife, and utter the shout of victory over the last dread enemy of man. Then too should we witness throughout the Christian community more rational and happifying views of death. Then might it be said, as the daughter of song hath written it:

> 'No longer the shroud and the pall wear gloom,—
> They are travelling robes to a fairer home,
> Where hearts that were linked by an earthly love,
> Shall meet to inherit the kingdom above.'

Reader—may the truths presented in these pages pass not away from thy mind; but lead thee to learn thy Creator's will in the life and death of man; and his eternal purpose to destroy death, and to bestow upon his rational offspring the gift of immortal life. And may true Christian hope abide with thee in all the trials of thy pilgrimage below—sustain thee when death appears—and bear thee onward to that perma-

nent abiding place on high, where a sinless, adoring world shall live forever in the uninterrupted harmony of holiness and love.

THE

Christian's Triumph:

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

SELECTIONS IN POETRY.

TO THE DEAD.

Silent assemblage ! who have gone,
Before us to an unknown clime,
And left us desolate and lone,
Lost wanderers on the shore of Time—

Who hold a strange commune with those
That live, if sleep be called a life,
And come in hours of deep repose,
Relieved from Death's unearthly strife—

Who smile in early loveliness,
Sketching past scenes to present view,
A shadowy trace of blessedness,
Long faded, but, alas !—too new—

Who rest in calmness side by side,
So peaceful, yet so strange, so dread,
Yet o'er our waking visions glide
Phantoms by Fate or Fancy led—

O speak ! but not in mysteries ;
Too much of these appal us now ;
Such hidden things already freeze,
Those drops which start from Horror's brow.

But tell of Hope, that beams afar,
Of Peace, that rests with you, in seeming,
Of blissful bowers above yon star,
Which on your graves is sweetly gleaming.

O say, with you comes no despair,
Or chills from earth's cold paradise,
That Hate and Envy come not there,
Dressed in Hypocrisy's disguise.

But all we love shall meet beneath,
The grass-grown, solemn, sacred pale,
To soar from thence, where spirits breathe
Pure transports which can never fail.

That disembodied souls shall dwell,
Too pure for passion, 'neath yon flowers,
And sport, like fairies of the fell,
In holy scenes, that beggar ours.

That life must purge away its dross,
To meet your band and with you rise,
By grasping in ONE death the cross,
That stay, which points to richer skies.

That earthly love should love too deep,
To covet self, when all our own
Takes refuge in so sweet a sleep,
Curtained by rays from God's own throne.

Silent assemblage ! though no voice,
Comes from the portals of the tomb,
Yet Faith speaks from within—'Rejoice !
Mine eye dispels this seeming gloom.'

Spirits, that round me often hover
With beckoning hand to distant lands,
O meet me, when Life's show is over,
As one among your beauteous bands !

DEATH'S CLAIMINGS.

Warrior, in the tented field,
With that fearless brow and eye,
Proudly girding on thy shield,
Dreaming but of victory,
Every look and tone display
What a dauntless heart is thine;
Yet, ere sunset's parting ray,
Gallant Warrior, thou art mine!

Monarch, on thy gorgeous throne,
Glittering with royalty,
Wealth and splendor are thy own,
Nations bow the knee to thee:
All of treasure earth bestows,
From the land and sea, is thine—
Yet, ere night its darkness throws,
Haughty Monarch, thou art mine!

Statesman, in thy secret room,
Willing up to power and fame;
Toiling on through nights of gloom,
Worshipping ambition's name:
In a bright perspective shown,
Fortune, favor, all are thine—
Yet, ere evening's shade is thrown,
Reckless Statesman, thou art mine!

Lady, in thy rose-clad bower,
Dreaming on in loveliness,
Winning from each passing hour
Pleasure, in her gayest dress:
All that life can e'er bestow,
Beauty, wealth, and rank are thine—
Yet, ere twilight's softened glow,
Fairest Lady, thou art mine!

Yes ! all are mine ; the brightest flower
In fragrant bloom may pass away ;
And trophies, won from every hour,
All tell of my resistless sway.
Yes ! all are mine ; successive years
Bring but new victims to my shrine ;
Sorrow and gladness, smiles and tears,
And youth and age—all, all are mine.

LAUNCHING INTO ETERNITY.

It was a brave attempt ! adventurous he,
Who, in the first Ship, broke the unknown sea,
And, leaving his dear native shores behind,
Trusted his life to the licentious wind.
I see the surging brine, the tempest raves ;
He on a pine plank rides across the waves,
Exulting on the edge of thousand gaping graves ;
He steers the winged boat and shifts the sails,
Conquers the flood, and manages the gales.

Such is the soul, that leaves this mortal land,
Fearless, when the great Master gives command.
Death is the storm ; she smiles to hear it roar,
And bids the tempest waft her from the shore ;
Then with a skilful helm she sweeps the seas,
And manages the raging storm with ease ;
(Her faith can govern death ;) she spreads her wings
Wide to the wind, and as she sails she sings,
And loses by degrees the sight of mortal things :
As the shores lessen so her joys arise,
The waves roll gentler and the tempest dies :
Now vast Eternity fills all her sight,
She floats on the broad deep with infinite delight,—
The seas forever calm, the skies forever bright.

A DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Lo ! the seal of Death is breaking,—
Those who slept its sleep are waking,—
  Eden opes her portals fair !
Hark ! the harps of God are ringing,
Hark ! the seraph's hymn is singing,
And the living rills are flinging
  Music on immortal air !

There—no more at eve declining,—
Suns without a cloud are shining
  O'er the land of life and love ;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper ;
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper ;
Not a tear is left the weeper
  To profane one flower above.

No frail lilies there are breathing,
There no thorny rose is wreathing
  In the bowers of paradise ;—
Where the founts of life are flowing,
Flowers, unknown to time, are blowing,
Mid superber verdure glowing
  Than is sunned by mortal skies.

There the groves of God, that never
Fade or fall, are green forever,
  Mirrored in the radiant tide ;
There, along the sacred waters,
Unprofaned by tears or slaughters,
Wander earth's immortal daughters,
  Each a pure immortal's bride.

There no sigh of memory swelleth ;
There no tear of misery welleth ;
  Hearts will bleed or break no more :
Past is all the cold world's scorning,

Gone the night, and broke the morning,
With seraphic day adorning
Life's glad waves and golden shore.

O ! on that bright shore to wander,
Trace those radiant waves' meander,
All we loved and lost to see,—
Is this hope, so pure, so splendid,
Vainly with our being blended ?
No ! with Time ye are not ended,
Visions of Eternity !

DIRGE OF DEATH.

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Shrink not, O Human Spirit,
The Everlasting Arm is strong to save !
Look up—look up, frail Nature ! put thy trust
In Him, who went down mourning to the dust,
And overcame the grave !

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'T is nearly done !
Life's work is nearly done ;
Watching and weariness and strife !
One little struggle more,
One pang, and it is o'er,
Then farewell, life !
Farewell, farewell, farewell !
Kind friends, 't is nearly past ;
Come, come and look your last !
Sweet children, gather near,
And that last blessing hear,—
See how he loved you, who departeth now !
And, with thy trembling steps and pallid brow,
O most beloved one,

Whose breast he leaned upon,
Come, faithful unto death,
And take his latest breath !
Farewell—farewell—farewell !

ANGEL OF DEPARTURE.

Hail, disenthralled Spirit !
Thou that the wine-press of the field hast trod !
On, blest Immortal, on, through boundless space,
And stand with thy Redeemer face to face,
And bow before thy God !

CHORUS OF MINISTERING SPIRITS.

'T is done—'t is done !
Life's weary work is done !
Now the glad spirit leaves the clay,
And treads, with winged ease,
The bright acclivities
Of Heaven's crystaline way !
Joy to thee, Blessed One !
Lift up, lift up thine eyes !
Yonder is Paradise !
And this fair shining band
Are spirits of thy land ;
And these, that throng to meet thee, are thy kin,
Who have awaited thee, redeemed from sin !
Bright Spirit, thou art blest ;
This city's name is Rest ;
Here sin and sorrow cease,
And thou hast won its peace ;
Joy to thee, Blessed One !

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Soldier, go—but not to claim
  Mouldering spoils of earth-born treasure ;
Not to build a vaunting name,
  Not to dwell in tents of pleasure ;
Dream not that the way is smooth ;
  Hope not that the thorns are roses ;
Turn no wishful eye of youth,
  Where the sunny beam reposes ;
    Thou hast sterner work to do,
    Hosts to cut thy passage through :
Close behind thee gulfs are burning ;
Forward !—there is no returning.

Soldier, rest—but not for thee
  Spreads the world her downy pillow ;
On the rock thy couch must be,
  While around thee chafes the billow :
Thine must be a watchful sleep,
  Wearier than another's waking ;
Such a charge as thou dost keep
  Brooks no moment of forsaking ;
    Sleep, as on the battle-field,
    Girded—grasping sword and shield ;
Those, thou canst not name nor number,
Steal upon thy broken slumber.

Soldier, rise—the war is done ;
  Lo ! the hosts of hell are flying.
'T was thy Lord the battle won ;
  Jesus vanquished them by dying.
Pass the stream—before thee lies
  All the conquered land of glory ;
Hark ! what songs of rapture rise !
  These proclaim the victor's story.
    Soldier, lay thy weapons down,
    Quit the sword, and take the crown ;

Triumph ! all thy foes are banished,
Death is slain, and earth has vanished.

THE ADVANCING CHRISTIAN AND HIS TRIUMPH.

Go, traveller ! still onward go,
And if the scene be fair,
If mountains shade, and waters flow,
And woods and fields be there,
Thou must not rest among the flowers,
Nor linger in the fairy bowers.

Go, traveler ! and if the sky
Be stormy, wild and drear,
And torrents fall, and lightnings fly,
And thunders fright thine ear ;
Fly not to hide thy trembling form,
Where caverns deep shut out the storm.

And while amid the desert land
Thou tread'st the unknown way,
Fear not the red, the scorching sand,
Nor the hot noon-tide ray ;
The God of Israel guides thee right,
With cloud by day, with fire by night.

Besides the blue horizon's verge,
A glorious city stands,
Before it spreads a swelling surge,
Around it, angel bands ;
Faith, with her glass of softest light,
Displays it to thy wondering sight.

Poor, weary traveller ! thy home
Within that city lies ;
When foes of savage nations come,
Think on that glorious prize ;

Then fire thy heart and nerve thy hand,
And join thee with Immanuel's band.

Thou canst not pass along in peace ;
On, on to battle press !
Their hosts shall fall, their warfare cease,
In utter helplessness.
The God of armies bends thy bow,
Directs thy sword, and quells thy foe.

A combat comes—severer still,—
Thy dearest earthly friend
May turn away from Zion's hill,
And back his footsteps bend ;
Thou must from that companion part,
Regardless of thy bleeding heart.

His flowery path thou must not tread,
The mountain pass is thine ;
Dark are the rocks that shade thy head,
Yet trees around them twine ;
And many a bright Oasis stands
To cheer thee in those desert lands.

Soon shalt thou come to Jordan's side,
And hear its billows chafe ;
Dread not the darkly rolling tide,
Poor traveller ! thou art safe ;
One parting pang, one struggle more,
And thou art on the heavenly shore.

What glittering sights are these around !
What music meets thine ear !
And who is He with glory crowned ?
Here, ransomed sinner, here
Forever bow, forever praise,
Through bright, eternal, blissful days !

VANITY OF LIFE.

What is life ?—a rapid stream,
Rolling onward to the ocean.
What is life ?—a troubled dream,
Full of incident and motion.

What is life ?—the arrow's flight,
That mocks the keenest gazer's eye.
What is life ?—a gleam of light,
Darting through a stormy sky.

What is life ?—a varied tale,
Deeply moving, quickly told.
What is life ?—a vision pale,
Vanishing while we behold.

What is life ?—a smoke, a vapor,
Swiftly mingling with the air.
What is life ?—a dying taper,
The spark that glows to disappear.

What is life ?—a flower that blows,
Nipped by the frost, and quickly dead.
What is life ?—the full-blown rose,
That's scorched at noon and withered.

Such is life,—a breath, a span,
A moment quickly gone from thee.
What is death ?—O ! mortal man !
Thy entrance on eternity.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,
That would a substance seem,
That is, yet is not,—though descried—
Like skies beneath the stream :
A tree that's ever in the bloom,
Whose fruit is never ripe ;
A wish for joys that never come,—
Such are the hopes of Life.

A dark, inevitable night ;
A blank that will remain ;
A waiting for the morning light,
When waiting is in vain ;
A gulf where pathway never led
To show the depth beneath ;
A thing we know not, yet we dread,—
That dreaded thing is Death.

The vaulted void of purple sky,
That every where extends,
That stretches from the dazzled eye,
In space that never ends ;
A morning, whose uprisen sun
No setting e'er shall see ;
A day that comes without a noon,—
Such is Eternity.

'THIS IS NOT OUR REST.'

EARTH, thou art rich in varied scenes,
All beautiful and bright,
Which but to view our bosoms thrill
With strange yet sweet delight ;

But while we gaze, their beauties fade,
And with a sigh represt,
Our hearts respond the sacred truth,
'This earth is not our rest.'

Look on the rainbow's brilliant arch,
Spann'd o'er the vault of blue,
Passing ere yet the ravished eye
Has traced each glowing hue,—
Say, does the gorgeous bow awake
No sadness in thy breast ?
So vanish earthly pleasures all—
Oh ! 'this is not our rest.'

And when the midnight sky is gem'd
With many a sparkling star,
How pants the spirit to explore
Each shining world afar !
How sink we from the fancied height
Dejected and oppressed,
Joined to this changeful world once more,
'This transitory rest.'

They too, our lovely and beloved,
In whom we centre all
Our joys and hopes, for whom we bear
This weary earthly thrall.
Oh where are they, in whose sweet smiles
Our hearts were once so bless'd ?
Gone !—and in hopelessness we feel
'This cannot be our rest.'

Oh ! is there not a purer clime,
Where nought shall fade away,
Where the freed soul shall rise and soar
Above each stellar ray ;
Where friends with friends shall meet again
In raptures unrepressed ?
Then welcome earthly grief and pain—
'There is a brighter rest '

CHRISTIAN HOPE.

THERE is a star whose gentle ray,
Forever shines serenely bright,
And beams upon the Christian's way
To bless him with its holy light.
From the eternal throne it gleams,
And sheds on man its radiant beams.

When on life's stormy sea we ride,
When all is dark, and all is drear,
When fearful swells the foaming tide,
Oh then its blessed rays appear,
And gently shed the light of love,
And lift the tearful eye above !

'Tis Christian Hope, the sweetest star
That lights the pilgrim's onward way,
And points to glorious joys afar,
The joys of everlasting day.
It dissipates the gathering gloom
That frowns around the opening tomb.

O give me this in every hour
Of deep, desponding, chilling fear;
O let me feel its heavenly power,
The weariness of wo to cheer;
Then earth's delusive dreams depart,
And Christian Hope sustains the heart.

Far better is this light divine,
This sure and steadfast hope in heaven,
Than honors which deceitful shine,
By earthly fame or glory given.
Though winds arise, and billows roll,
Hope is the anchor of the soul !

THE REDEEMER LIVETH.

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives !
What joy this blest assurance gives !
He lives ! he lives ! who once was slain !
He lives ! for evermore to reign !

He lives ! he ever reigns above !
He lives to bless us with his love !
He lives our longing souls to feed ;
He lives to help in time of need.

He lives a mansion to prepare :
He lives to guide us safely there :
Be this our theme of joyous faith,
He lives, and we shall conquer death.

THE HEAVENLY REST.

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast—
'Tis found above—in heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
'Tis fair as breath of even,
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest the aching head,
And find repose, in heaven !

There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven ;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven !

There faith lifts up her cheerful eye
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven !

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given :
There rays divine disperse the gloom :
Beyond the confines of the tomb,
Appears the dawn of heaven.

HERE AND THERE.

HERE, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure ;
But total, absolute, and perfect *there.*
Here, time's a moment, short our happiest state ;
There, infinite duration is our date.
Here, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best ;
There Satan's power extends not to the blest.
In a weak simple body, *here* I dwell ;
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell.
Here, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear,
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there.*
Here, my best duties are defiled with sin ;
There, all is ease without and peace within.
Here, feeble faith supplies my only light ;
There, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.
Here, love of self my fairest works destroys ;
There, love of God shall perfect all my joys.
Here things, as in a glass, are darkly shown ;
There, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.
Frail are the fairest flowers which bloom below ;
There, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.
Here, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.

Here, disappointments my best schemes destroy ;
There, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.
Here, vanity is stamped on all below ;
Perfection, *there*, on every good shall grow.
Here, my fond heart is fastened on some friend,
Whose kindness may, whose life must, have an end ;
But *there*, no failure can I ever prove,—
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.
Here, Christ for sinners suffered, groaned, and bled ;
But *there*, he reigns the great triumphant Head,
Here, mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns;
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.
Here, error clouds the will, and dims the sight ;
There, all is knowledge, purity, and light.
Here, so imperfect is this mortal state,
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate—
At every human wo I *here* repine ;
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.
Here, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart ;
But *there*, that broken reed and I shall part.
Here, on no promised good can I depend ;
But *there*, the Rock of ages is my friend.
Here, if some sudden joy delight inspire,
The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;
But *there*, whatever good the soul employ,
The thought, that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy !

THE MARCH AND END OF LIFE.

We are hastening on—we are hastening on,
To the sleep of the years that are vanished and gone,
To the voiceless chambers that lie beneath—
To the silent halls of darkness and death !
Like the instant flashing,—the fitful light,
Of the passing meteors in their flight ;
Like the sunset hues of the summer's eve,
Like the forms that in fancy's loom we weave,

Like the flowers that blush at the opening day,
We are blushing, and blooming, and fading away.
Through life's chequered mazes of joy and wo,
Through the grief and the gloom of this vale below,
With the fair, and the brave, and the proud, and the just,
We are hastening to dust ! we are hastening to dust !

Ye plumed band of the strong and the brave,
With your burnished swords, and the plumes that wave !
With your banners that stream on the breezes unfurled,
And your shouts that frighten the trembling world ;
With your battles that burst like a flaming flood,
And pour out their gathered tides of blood ;
With your red cannon's wrath and war, that make
The mountains, the valleys, the oceans quake ;
With your bared arm, and uplifted lance,
And your blackened brow, and your fearful glance,
'Midst the sabre's stroke, and the dagger's thrust,
Ye are hastening to dust ! ye are hastening to dust !

Ye lovely train of the humble and meek,
Who wipe the tears from the aged cheek ;
Whose voice doth the gathering cares beguile,
And maketh the hearts of the sad to smile ;
With your tears, that stream o'er the chilling bier
Of the pious, that dwell no longer here ;
With your smiles that bind up the broken in heart,
And pour in a balm on the poisoned dart ;
With your prayers that rise to the throne above,
And bring down the blessings of peace and love ;
With the fair, and the brave, and the proud and the just,
Ye are hastening to dust ! ye are hastening to dust !

CONSOLATION.

THINK, O ye, who fondly languish,
O'er the grave of those you love,
While your bosoms throb with anguish,
They are warbling hymns above :
While your silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deepening shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

There the sun's inferior lustre
Never sheds a feeble ray ;
There no envious shadows cluster,
Blotting out the cheerful day ;
Night, the face of nature veiling,
Rears her sable throne no more,
'Mid those spirits pure, inhaling
Life from him whom they adore.

Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die !
Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come ;
There no fear of wo intruding
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

From their eyes celestial, swelling
Drops of sorrow ne'er shall roll ;
God himself has fixed his dwelling
In the temple of the soul ;
Cease then, mourner, cease to languish,
O'er the grave of those you love ;
Pain and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

HOLY DYING.

Calm is the parting hour,
When death with sovereign power
Throws o'er the righteous soul his heavy chain ;
Nor doubt, nor dread attend,
While round him loved ones bend ;
But peace, celestial, mocks the body's pain.

He sees the links of earth
Part ; and his final birth
To perfect holiness, with raptured eye :
Behind, a vale of tears
In cloud and shade appears ;
Before, the heaven-bright fields of promise lie.

His friends hang round and weep,
While, like an infant's sleep,
The chilling lethargy of death steals on ;
And o'er his eye the glaze
Falls, and the spirit's blaze
Flashes for once, and all of earth is done.

How silent, like the breath
Of morning, was that death !
No agony, nor torturing thought was there :
And what a holy smile
Plays round those lips the while !
And how, like heaven's own arch, that brow is fair !

O ! may my footsteps tread
The path, by virtue led,
And God's own day-star, till I sink in dust !
And when I lay me down
To sleep, O ! may the crown
Shine on my eye, that circles round the just !

PARTING WORDS.

'And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh.'—Gen. xxii. 26.

'Let me go,' the day is breaking,
Dear companions, 'let me go;'
We have spent a night of waking
In the wilderness below—
Upward now I bend my way;
Part me here at break of day.

'Let me go,' I may not tarry,
Wrestling thus with doubts and fears:
Angels wait, my soul to carry
Where my kindred Lord appears;
Friends and kindred, weep not so—
If you love me, 'let me go.'

We have travelled long together,
Hand in hand, and heart in heart,
Both through fair and stormy weather,
And 'tis hard, 'tis hard to part;
While I sigh 'farewell' to you,
Answer, one and all, 'adieu.'

'Tis not darkness gathering round me,
Which withdraws me from your sight;
Walls of flesh no more can bound me,
But, translated into light,
Like the lark, on mounting wing,
Though unseen, you hear me sing.

Heaven's broad day hath o'er me broken,
Far beyond earth's span of sky;
Am I dead? Nay by this token,
Know that I have ceased to die;
Would you solve the mystery,
Come up hither, come and see.

EDEN OF LOVE.

How sweet to reflect on the joys that await us,
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest!
Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet us,
And lead us to mansions prepared for the blest!
Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
Our happiness perfect, our mind's sky unclouded,
We'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
And range with delight through the Eden of Love.

While legions angelic, with harps tuned celestial,
Harmoniously join in the Concert of praise,
The saints, as as they come from the regions terrestrial,
In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise.
Then songs to the Lamb shall re-echo through heaven,
Our souls will respond, To Immanuel be given,
All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
Who brought us through grace to the Eden of Love!

Then hail, blessed state, hail, ye seraphs of glory,
Ye angels of light, we'll soon meet you above,
And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
Salvation from sorrow through ransoming love!
Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
Already our souls feel a sweet prelibation
Of joys that await us, the joys of salvation,
Reserved for mankind in the Eden of Love!

THE BELIEVER'S TRIUMPH IN DEATH.

Deathless principle, arise,
Soar, thou native of the skies,
Pearl of price, by Jesus bought,
To his glorious likeness wrought.

Go to shine before his throne,
Deck his mediatorial crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn ;
Made for God, to God return.

Lo, he beckons from on high !
Fearless to his presence fly :
Thine the merit of his blood ;
Thine the righteousness of God.

Is thy earthly house distressed ?
Willing to retain her guest ?
'T is not thou, but she, must die ;
Fly, celestial tenant, fly.

Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away :
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

Shudder not to pass the stream :
Venture all thy care on him—
Him, whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its roar.

Safe as the expanded wave,
Gentle as the summer's eve ;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view !
Love divine shall bear thee through ;
Trust to that propitious gale,
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Saints in glory perfect made
Wait thy passage through the shade ;
Ardent for thy coming o'er
See, they throng the blissful shore !
Swiftly to their wish be given,
Kindle higher joy in heaven.

Such the prospects that arise
To the dying Christian's eyes !
Such the glorious vista, Faith
Opens through the shades of death.

A PLACE OF REST.

Weep not ! thou heaven-ward Pilgrim, here, upon whose changeful way
The gloom of many a care is thrown, where'er thy feet may stray ;
Within whose heart some tender pulse must echo unto pain,
When tried by this inconstant world, whose brightest dreams are vain ;
Weep not ! though o'er the living glow of pleasure's gorgeous wreath,
Fate's swift and eddying whirlwinds sweep the staining cloud of death ;
For endless raptures will be thine in mansions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

Thou must bend unto the Chastener here, and see the deeply loved,
The pure and beautiful of earth, by early death removed ;—
Thou must feel the oppressive thraldom of thy prison-house of clay,
Till thy fetters are all broken, and thy spirit soars away ;
Thou must mark on many a blighted cheek the autumnal mildews cling,
Thou must bow beneath Time's shadowy frown when snows are on his wing,

Till the bright and golden streets of Heaven are by
thy feet impressed—
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest

How many flowers will rise and bloom, their flood of
sweets to pour
Across the mazes of thy way, that earth may not re-
store !
How many fond eyes full of love will in the grave be
hid !
How will the cold, funereal pall lie on each folded lid!
Thou must pile the vale's remorseless clod upon each
pallid brow,
Thou wilt list the chant of winds at eve, in the dark
cypress bough—
Till, with a pale and deluged cheek, and with a
yearning breast,
Thou wilt long for pinions of a dove, to soar and be
at rest !

Yet, it is but for a moment, and thy trials all are past!
And *then*—upon the empyreal air, thy spirit-wings are
cast ;
Then the bonds of earth will sunder ; and thine ear
will drink the song,
Which swells ambrosial pastures green and crystal
waves along ;
Thou wilt join the lost and lovely, that have gone
before to God,
In a glad, 'continual city,' by the earth's redeemed
ones trod ;
Where each angel's plumes are folded o'er a peace-
ful brow and breast—
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest.

HEAVEN.

The earth, all light and loveliness, in summer's golden hours,
Smiles, in her bridal vesture clad, and crowned with festal flowers,
So radiantly beautiful, so like to heaven above,
We scarce can deem more fair that world of perfect bliss and love.

Is this a shadow faint and dim, of that which is to come ?
What shall the unveiled glories be, of our celestial home,
Where waves the glorious tree of life, where streams of bliss gush free,
And all is glowing in the light of immortality !

To see again the home of youth, when weary years have passed,
Serenely bright, as when we turned and looked upon it last ;
To hear the voice of love, to meet the rapturous embrace,
To gaze through tears of gladness, on each dear familiar face—

O ! this indeed is joy, though here, we meet again to part !
But what transporting bliss awaits the pure and faithful heart,
Where it shall find the loved and lost, those who have gone before,
Where every tear is wiped away, where partings come no more !

When on Devotion's seraph wings, the spirit soars above,
And feels thy presence, Father ! Friend ! God of eternal love !
Joys of the Earth ! ye fade away before that living ray,
Which gives to the rapt soul a glimpse of pure and perfect day—

A gleam of heaven's own light—though now its brightness scarce appears,
Through the dim shadows, which are spread around this vale of tears ;
But thine unclouded smile, O God ! fills that all glorious place,
Where we shall know as we are known, and see thee face to face.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL.

Farewell, earth !—your bright adorning,
All your lovely scenes, adieu ;
Farewell, earth !—heaven's radiant morning
Meets my soul's enraptured view.
Farewell, all those pleasant places,
Where my youthful footsteps roved ;
All those dear familiar faces,—
Friends with pure affections loved.

Farewell, earth !—my father ! mother !
You who have my guardians been ;
Farewell, earth !—my sister ! brother !
Cleanse, O God ! my heart from sin.
Farewell, all my young companions !
You who have my friendship known ;
Now my spirit plumes her pinions—
Now I trust in God alone !

Farewell, earth !—it does not grieve me,
Thus to leave these joys behind ;
Joys most dear—but heaven will give me,
Nobler pleasures of the MIND.
There the song of ransom chanting,
I God's mysteries shall learn ;
Nought repining—nothing wanting—
Near the throne a seraph burn.

Farewell, earth !—again I give you
ALL a long and last farewell !
Weep not her who now must leave you,
She ascends in heaven to dwell.
Love with an increased affection,
All below and all above ;
God will sanctify affliction ;
God is mercy—God is love !

Now the ties of earth are riven,
Jesus, fold me to thy breast !
Feed me with the 'bread of heaven,'
Number me among the blest !
Oh ! my trusting spirit's longing
To behold its future home ;
Saints and angels round me thronging ;
Come, dear Jesus, quickly come !

THE FUTURE JOY.

THO' travelling thro' a wilderness,
Where duty's call divides us,—
Tho' many a wintry storm distress,
The star of hope shall guide us.

And this shall cheer the lonely way,
And gild the gloom of sorrow ;
And, thro' the shades of parting day,
Reveal a brighter morrow.

E'en should this star be clouded here,
And should we meet—ah ! never,
The transient joys of life to share,—
'Twill not be dimmed for ever.

No ! we shall meet, tho' parted here,
To part again,—oh, never !
But with our blessed Savior there,
To live in joy for ever.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

This world and its glory, and all we hold dear,
Though shining in beauty, must soon disappear ;
A moment they glitter, then fade to the eye,
Like meteors of night that dash over the sky.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
There's nothing that fades in the home of the soul !

Though pleasure's rich cluster may temptingly glow,
In the frost of the grave no flowers shall grow ;
And homes that we loved, deserted become,
And fond ones we cherish, shall sleep in the tomb.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home !
No parting is known in the home of the soul !

Then give me a home far away in the skies,
Where hope never withers, where love never dies !
The home of the Christian, where pilgrims are blest,
And th' exiles of earth shall be ever at rest.
Home ! home ! sweet, sweet home !
The bosom of God is THE HOME OF THE SOUL !

THE RANSOMED SPIRIT.

All hail, ye hosts of seraphs bright,
I come to join your symphony,
Forever here to take delight
In your melodious company.
My sufferings and my toils are o'er,
And now I've reach'd the peaceful shore,
And floods of light begin to roll,
And burst upon my ravished soul.
O sound his praise, ye heav'nly choir,
His glories set the soul on fire!

Now I behold my Priest and King,
With grateful admiration,
His ways, his works, his name I'll sing
In flaming adoration—
His everlasting glories shine,
Diffusing light and joy divine,
While all upon that happy shore,
Shall reign with him forevermore.
O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
His glories set the soul on fire!

Thro' boundless fields of endless light,
My mind is left to ponder,
I sail through seas of glory bright,—
O glorious seas of wonder!
The holy saints his love proclaim,
Angelic notes in highest strains,
And loud hosannas to his name,
Are ringing o'er the blissful plains.
O sound his praise, ye heavenly choir,
His glories set the soul on fire!

I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way ;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin ;
Temptation without, and corruption within ;
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

Who, who would live alway away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode !
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns ;

Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet ;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

JOY OF HEAVEN.

HIGH in yonder realms of light,
Dwell the raptured saints above :
Far beyond our feeble sight,
Happy in Immanuel's love :
Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
Once they knew, like us below,
Cheerful hopes, distressing fears,
Light and shadow, joy and wo.

Happy spirits ! ye are fled,
Where no grief can entrance find ;
Lulled to rest the aching head,
Soothed the anguish of the mind.

Mid the chorus of the skies,
Mid th' angelic lyres above,
Hark their songs melodious rise,
Songs of praise to saving love.

All is tranquil and serene,
Calm and undisturbed repose :
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows.
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast ;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow, in eternal rest.

DEATH.

How blessed and serene
Seems her releasing from this world of fears !
It is a holy scene,
Too holy far to be gazed on through tears.

The sunlight streaming in,
The solemn music filling all the air,
And the soul, freed from sin,
Mingling with sweet sounds that are swelling there.

Beauty and Death are meeting—
For beautiful she is, though death stands by ;
Mild is his kiss of greeting
When the pure-hearted and the lovely die !

But the bright flush yet lingers,
Although the spirit to its home hath fled,
And the pressure of cold fingers
Betrays not that the lovely one is dead.

Thus softly would I break,
The link that binds my spirit to this sphere,
Thus calmly could I take
My leave of Earth, with music breathing near.

My early friends should be
Thus with wet eyes my dying couch around,
That I might latest see
Earth's dearest things, and hear its sweetest sound.

Let no one mourn for me,
When on Death's pillow my frail limbs are lying,
But rather joy to see
That rest celestial waits upon the dying :

That angel hymns are heard
By the free spirit that is passing there,
And that the whispered word
Has called a soul in angel bliss to share.

MORTALITY AND IMMORTALITY.

What is this body ? fragile, frail,
As vegetation's tenderest leaf,
Transient as April's fitful gale,
And as the flushing meteor brief.
When long this miserable frame
Has vanish'd from life's busy scene,
This earth shall roll, that sun shall flame,
As tho' this DUST had never been.

What is the SOUL ? Eternal Mind,
Unlimited as thought's vast range ;
By grovelling matter unconfin'd,
The same while states and empires change.

When suns have wan'd and worlds sublime
Their final revolutions told,
This soul shall triumph over time,
As tho' such orbs had never roll'd.

THE WORLD TO COME.

If all our hopes and all our fears
Were prisoned in life's narrow bound ;
If, travellers through this vale of tears,
We saw no better world beyond ;
Oh ! what could check the rising sigh,
What earthly thing could pleasure give ?
Oh ! who could venture then to die—
Or who could venture then to live ?

Were life a dark and desert moor,
Where mist and clouds eternal spread
Their gloomy veil behind, before,
And tempests thunder overhead ;
Where not a sunbeam breaks the gloom,
And not a floweret smiles beneath,
Who could exist in such a tomb—
Who dwell in darkness and in death ?

And such were life without the ray
Of our divine religion given ;
'Tis this that makes our darkness day,
'Tis this that makes our earth a heaven,
Bright is the golden sun above,
And beautiful the flowers that bloom,
And all is joy, and all is love,
Reflected from the world to come.

THE BLESSED LAND.

'The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick.'

Not sick !—Shall throbbing brows no more
With nameless anguish start ?
No more the ebbing life-blood pour
Cold currents through the heart ?
No tortured nerve with racking pain
To sudden madness thrill ?
Nor strive the powerless limbs in vain
Their office to fulfil ?
Is there no weak, nor palsied hand,
Nor agonizing breast ?
Where, Book of Mercy ! is that land
Which thus thy page has blest ?

Dwells there no sickness of the heart
Within that favored bound ?
No pleasure with its poisoned dart
The unwary youth to wound ?
No hope deferred, the soul to harm !
No joy on parting wing ?
No love with fickle smile to charm,
With false embrace to sting ?
Oh glorious world !—from ills of time,
From fears and changes free,
Why should We shrink to seek that clime,
Though Death the passport be ?

THE MANSION OF REST.

Oh who that has gazed in the stillness of even,
On the fast fading hues of the west,
Has not seen afar off on the bosom of heaven,
Some bright little mansion of rest ?

And wept, that the path to a region so fair,
Should be shrouded by sadness and fears ;
That the night winds of sorrow, misfortune and care,
Should sweep o'er the wild rolling waves of despair,
To darken this cold world of tears.

Yet who, that has gazed, has not longed for the hour,
When misfortune and sorrow shall cease ;
And hope, like the rainbow, display through the shower,
Her bright written promise of peace.
And oh ! if that rainbow of promise shall shine
On the last scene of life's chequer'd gloom ;
May its blaze in the moment of parting be mine,
I ask but one ray, from a source so divine,
To light the dark vale of the tomb.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN'S ADIEU.

Now, adieu, ye scenes of gladness,
Fields wherein I used to roam,
But—without a fear of sadness,
I can leave thee, oh my home.
Jesus calls me,
I am ready—Lord I come.

What though darkness, pain, and sorrow,
Consecrate my early doom !
What though dying moments borrow
Fearful shadows from the tomb—
Light immortal
Soon shall dissipate the gloom.

See ! unnumber'd angels flinging
Golden crowns before his throne—
Hark ! the ransomed spirits singing
Notes to mortal ears unknown.
Thou art worthy,
Jesus—Savior—thou alone.

Lingering bonds of nature, sever ;
Oh for pinions like a dove,
Heavenly wings, to soar forever,
With angelic hosts above.
Singing glory,
Glory—to redeeming love

PASSING THOUGHTS.

The world has many a sparkling scene,
With the spirit of gladness rife ;
And bright and clear is their sunny glow
In the cloudless morn of life ;—
But years creep on with a stealthy pace ;
Youth's vigor soon is past,
And 'the thousand ills' still hovering near,
Will stoop on their prey at last.

There are hopes bedeck'd in rainbow dyes,
Come over the soul of youth :
And the heart leaps up as it wildly hails
Their sun-lit garb of truth :
But hopes are vain and shadowy dreams,
Gay fancies of the mind,
That fleet as an ocean pageant glide,
And leave no trace behind.

There are flowery wreaths, by angel hands,
Entwined round our youthful brow ;
And while mirth and joy are soaring high,
They shine with a gilded glow ;—
But the fountain of mirth will cease to flow,
When the heart breathes forth a sigh ;
And the flowers which bloom in summer's sun,
In autumn will wither and die.

There are friends whose smiles are soft and bland,
When the sky of life is clear,
Who would kindly soothe the grief-worn heart,
And wipe the falling tear :—
But clouds come over the fairest sky,
And storms will madly rave ;
And the only changeless friend we find,
Is the cold and dreamless grave.

But we read of a home in yon blue sphere,
When the turmoils of life are o'er,
Where the chilling blasts that assail us here
Shall darken the soul no more :
They say 'tis a clime of untold joys,
In fadeless splendor drest,
Where the stricken heart shall end its woes,
And the weary be at rest.

Then mourn not, ye whose time-worn barks
On the world's cold wave are cast ;
Tho' the winds are out, and the storm beats hard,
You'll reach the haven at last.
O 'tis balm to the lone and desolate one,
By dark affliction riven ;
To know when the ocean of life is passed,
He will find a home in heaven.

TRIUMPH OF LIFE AND JOY.

'And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away.' Rev. xxi. 4.

Glory to God ! He sendeth peace ;
His will be done, who chasteneth ;
Glory to God ! He gives release
From wo and pain and tears—in death ;

Praise to his name ! His voice shall call
The silent sleepers from their rest,
And loose them from death's iron thrall,
To taste the freedom of the blest.

Thou of the dimmed and filmy eye
Who fear'st to tread the shadowy vale,
God giveth thee the victory !
Doubt shall no more thy heart assail.
There shall be no more death nor grave,
Nor trembling by that narrow sea ;
But bathing in th' eternal wave,
Shall wash thy doubts and fears away.

Thou child of sorrow, rudely borne
By tempests o'er life's troubled wave,
Thine hour of doom no longer mourn,
There's quiet for thee in the grave ;
There's bliss beyond ; for He shall turn
Thy grief to everlasting joy ;
Before thee shall his brightness burn,
And songs of praise thy tongue employ.

Poor mortal worm that writhest now
In soothless agony of pain,
Before thy God, thy Father bow,
He giveth peace and joy again :
Soon shalt thou reach that realm of rest,
Where airs of healing incense breathe,
And find that balm in Jesus' breast
So vainly sought on earth beneath.

In that bright realm of endless bliss
God's living glory shines and cheers ;
And angel lips shall gently kiss
Away the humble mourner's tears :
There everlasting gladness reigns,
And high harmonious anthems roll,
Outpouring in seraphic strains
Praise to the One, the central Soul.

DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections but a fire
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love
And blessedness alone;
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus, star by star declines
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day.
Nor sink those stars in empty night—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

SUPPORT IN DEATH.

When the vale of death appears,
Faint and cold this mortal clay,
O my Father, soothe my fears,
Light me through the darksome way ;
Break the shadows,
Usher in eternal day.

Starting from this dying state,
Upward bid my soul aspire ;
Open thou the crystal gate,
To thy praise attune my lyre ;
Dwell forever,
Dwell on each immortal wire.

From the sparkling turrets there
Oft I'll trace my pilgrim way,
Often bless thy guardian care,
Fire by night and cloud by day ;
While my triumphs
At my Leader's feet I lay.

DEATH GOD'S MESSENGER.

It is the Lord our Savior's hand
Weakens our strength amid the race ;
Disease and death, at his command,
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our sun go down at noon ;
Thy years are one eternal day,
And must thy children die so soon ?

Yet, in the midst of death and grief,
This thought our sorrow shall assuage.
'Our Father and our Savior live ;
Christ is the same through every age.'

The starry curtains of the sky,
Like garments, shall be laid aside ;
But still thy throne stands firm and high,
Thy church forever must abide.

Before thy face thy church shall live,
And on thy throne thy children reign ;
This dying world shall they survive,
And all the dead be raised again.

DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

O God unseen—but not unknown !
Thine eye is ever fixed on me ;
I dwell beneath thy secret throne,
Encompassed by thy deity.

The moment comes when strength must fail,
When,—health and hope and comfort flown,—
I must go down into the vale
And shade of death, with thee alone :

Alone with thee ;—in that dread strife,
Uphold me through mine agony,
And gently be this dying life
Exchanged for immortality.

Then, when th' unbodied spirit lands
Where flesh and blood have never trod,
And in the unveiled presence stands
Of thee, my Savior and my God :

Be mine eternal portion this,
Since thou wert always here with me,
That I may view thy face in bliss,
And be for evermore with thee.

A CONTRAST.

How long shall earth's alluring toys
  Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
  And strangers to the skies!

These transient scenes will soon decay;
  They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
  Be lost in endless night.

Their brightest day, alas, how vain!
  With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain
  O'ershade the smiling noon.

O could our thoughts and wishes fly
  Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
  Which sorrow ne'er invades!

There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
  Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
  Unconscious of decay.

Thither on faith's sublimest wing,
  Our ardent wishes rise,
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
  Immortal in the skies.

PRAISE IN LIFE AND DEATH.

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful tongue shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with dawning light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all my powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean those thanks I cannot speak.

But when the final conflict's o'er,
My spirit chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

This cheerful tribute will I give
Long as a deathless soul can live :
A work so vast, a theme so high,
Demands a whole eternity.

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